

On a Dirty Day You Can Play . . . *Dan Zwerdling*

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

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## Disfranchise the Old

*Douglas J. Stewart on California*

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**Shrinking the Pentagon** — *Ralph E. Lapp*

**Tearing Up Chile** — *Georgie Anne Geyer*

**The Chemical Breakfast** — *David Sanford*

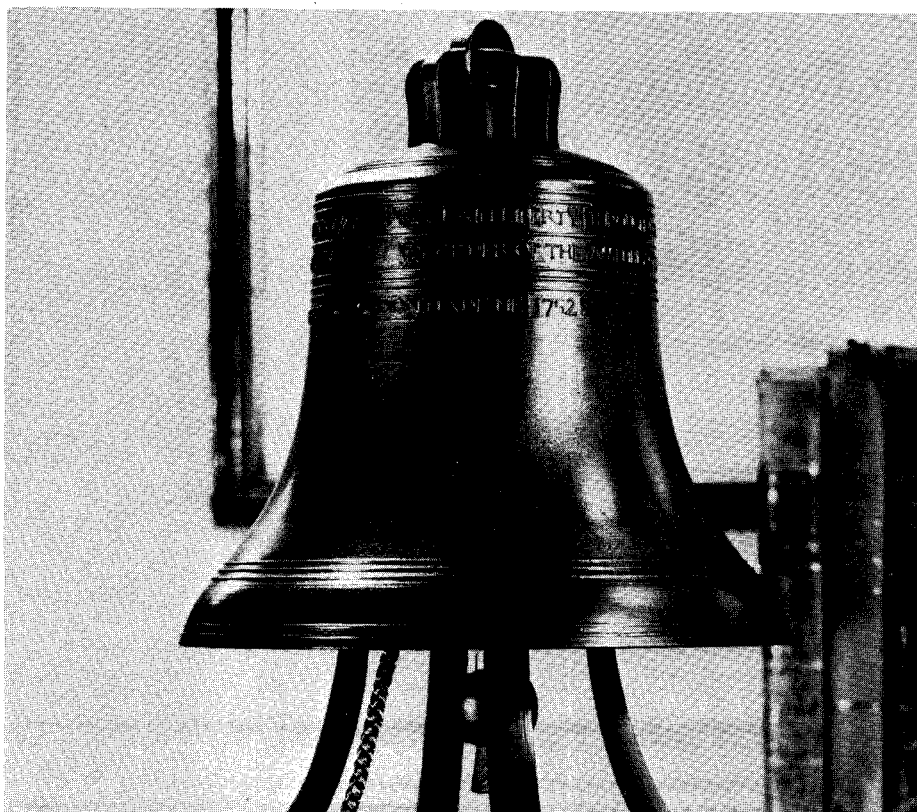
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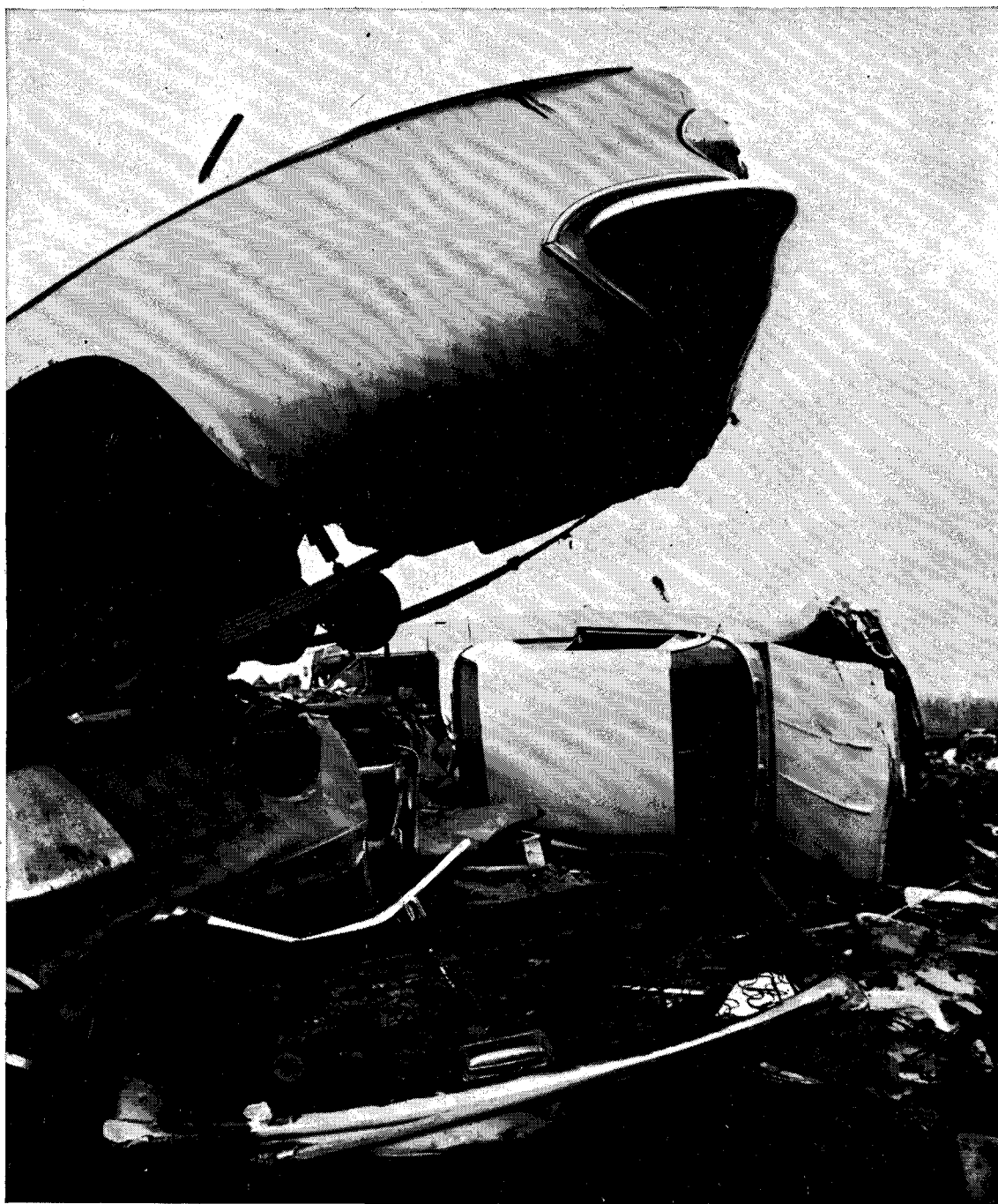
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from Washington

## Here Be Ogres

Sometimes a reporter begins his piece with a little prayer. "My," he says to himself softly, "it would be wonderful if I could stir folks up." He knows he can't. He lives in the center of Washington. His desk is covered with dire clippings. But what can he say?

Begin almost anywhere. Here is an editorial from *Life* (Aug. 7), "Portrait of a System that is Breaking Down." What system? Why, criminal justice in US cities. Courts are tied up for two to three years. Correspondent Dale Wittner, back from Asia, tells about it: "I was astonished at the depths of bitterness, hostility and suspicion I found when I returned." He concentrates on one aspect, the courts. They are breaking down.

All right, shift the spotlight. How about the poor in affluent America? Here's the NBC one-hour broadcast on the migrant worker (July 16), interviewing Mrs. Aubrey Gay who works in the Florida orange groves. "Do you ever have to go around and ask anybody—ask any of your friends or relatives for help?" "Yes." "What kind of help?" "Well, I—if I didn't have the money and had to have milk and borrow money, stuff like that."

"What does it feel like, as a mother, not to be able to give your children the food you think they should have?"

"It feels pretty bad."

"When they go off to school, do they get a free meal in school?"

Mrs. Gay: "Two of 'em does." (Weeping; says something indistinct).

Interviewer: "Okay."

So that's the farm worker. How about cities? Here's the lead of a *NY Times* story, as true today as two years ago: "The failure of government to prevent rioting, despair and 'threatened anarchy' in the nation's largest cities

has brought the federal system to the brink of its greatest crisis since the Civil War, a government study commission declared today."

What commission? Just one of the interminable studies on crime that tell us what we must do, which nobody does, the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations (1969).

Despair and "threatened anarchy"? Here's the report to the President by Alexander Heard, chancellor of Vanderbilt University, made the other day on campus unrest: "We do not believe that our national government" (that's Mr. Nixon he means) "really understands that a national crisis confronts us. The condition cannot be conceived as a temporary, aberrational outburst . . ." And so on. Mr. Nixon named Heard, and Heard is telling him like it is.

Everybody runs around these days urging "law and order." And with reason. Something has gone wrong. What's happening to the country? J. Edgar Hoover in his latest annual report finds that in 10 years murder has increased 44 percent, robbery 146 percent. Murder has jumped six percent in one year. We read about ghastly, unbelievable cult killings; mass shootings of students; a situation in Chicago that can only be called guerrilla warfare. So what are we doing?

One of the discarded reports on crime, the President's Commission on Violence (1969), reported through Dr. Milton Eisenhower that a realistic anticrime campaign would cost \$6 billion a year. Instead, Mr. Nixon gives us preventive detention and no-knock raids.

## 90 Million Guns

The same commission estimated that US civilians possess 90 million firearms, including 24 million lethal handguns. This baffles Europeans; this—this, they cannot understand about the so-called American civilization! But the National Rifle Association sits like a dour prison warder in its 10-story office building in Washington, and brings every kind of political retaliation against congressmen who try to curb gun sales. We shall certainly need two more Presidents murdered, at least, before anything final is done.

"Something is very wrong in America." Who said it? Mayor Lindsay of New York, normally a sensible man,

not given to outbursts. "Growing numbers of our citizens are convinced that the American dream is a cruel illusion or a hypocritical nightmare," he says.

Now how could they ever get an idea like that? Well, the United States is fat and rich. But the disparity of income is flagrant. You know that figure—the upper five percent get about 20 percent of the income; the lower 20 percent get about five percent. The existence of rich people who pay little or no taxes, and poor people who actually go hungry is the single most explosive fact in the United States.

It is easy to throw around statistics. All of them together don't carry a scintilla of the impact of that one scene, over NBC, of Mrs. Aubrey Gay weeping because she can't give food to her children. But if you don't have eloquence, statistics must do. Take a flat impersonal one; the fact that while poor people can't seem to organize, corporate centralization is going on at present at a perfectly staggering rate. Yes, a single elite group of 102 gigantic corporations now controls 48 percent of the assets, and 53 percent of the profits of all manufacturing firms in the US. The facts are there. Anybody can read them.

Inflation: The average American worker with three children had a weekly take-home pay, after taxes, of \$78.53 in 1965; today (May 1970) in constant dollars, it's down to \$77.28. He's slipped a dollar.

Unemployment: For the country it's five percent and going up; for Negroes between 16 and 21 (the gang-prone age) it's presently 30.2 percent (twice the figure for whites of that age).

The country could, of course, raise taxes. But that's one solution nobody can face. Yet international statistics show the US undertaxed; that's compared to other modern industrial countries, anyway.

Dedicated John Gardner, former HEW head and chairman of the National Urban Coalition, has formed a lobby, the Common Cause, and has sent out 200,000 letters for funds (2100 M Street, Washington 20037). He thinks things are desperate. He believes the American political structure can be "revitalized." He's trying to correct all those things I've mentioned. What is he, Don Quixote or Sir Galahad? He looks sane. One thing's for sure, those ogres aren't windmills.

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# The Muddled Military

Whilst congressional critics of the Department of Defense demand major surgery for the Pentagon (see Ralph E. Lapp's article in this issue, page 16), a panel headed by Gilbert W. Fitzhugh of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has recommended to President Nixon at least a major overhaul. Senator William Proxmire (D, Wisc.) has blasted the Fitzhugh report. His finding is that it takes too charitable a view of defense profits and the military industrial complex. Thus far the armed services have mostly been holding their fire, although the Navy League's publication promptly damned the panel's plan as "a dangerous proposal." Two of the panel's 14 active members filed dissents. It's like the opening dialogue between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely, in Shakespeare's *Henry V*. The bishops are discussing a prospective loss of church lands. "This would drink deep," complains Ely. "'Twould drink the cup and all," the Archbishop of Canterbury moans back at him.

The Fitzhugh Blue Ribbon Defense Panel proposes, among other things, a divorcement of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as such, from the chain of operational command extending from the President, as Commander-in-Chief, down to the fighting forces. The JCS would perform the advisory and planning functions they were originally intended to fulfill, while the authority for operations, now delegated to the Chiefs by the Secretary of Defense, would run down through a newly created Deputy Secretary for Operations — a civilian — to a single military officer who would supervise a separate staff. This officer could be, but would not necessarily be, the Chairman of the JCS.

At present, Defense Secretary Melvin R. Laird has only one Deputy, David Packard. The Blue Ribbon Panel found the structure overcentralized and topheavy, with some 27 major offices reporting directly to Laird and Packard. It proposed creating three deputies—the one for operations, a second for "management of resources," and a third for "evaluation." The three military departments—Army, Navy and Air Force—would report through the Deputy Secretary for Management of Resources. Another major proposed change is that the post of director of Defense Research and Engineering, now held by John S. Foster, Jr., would be abolished and its functions split up and absorbed under the new resources deputy. Foster now reports directly to the Defense Secretary. But Fitzhugh's group wants a command reshuffle,

too; the panel raised serious questions about the suitability and efficiency of the present unified command structure. It recommends setting up three new major unified commands that would cut across service lines. There would be a Strategic Command, that would include the Navy's missile-throwing submarines as well as the Air Force's Strategic Air Command; a Tactical or General Purpose Command, to be made up of all combatant general forces; and a Logistics Command, for support. The Defense Secretary's office would be strengthened, in terms of the panel's report, by creation of a "net assessment" and a "long-range planning" group. The very broad function of this body would be to try to assess this country's and other countries' military capabilities, and on that basis attempt a look into the military future.

With regard to procurement of weapons and other material in the Pentagon's multi-billion dollar purchasing program, the panel insists that the Defense Department should not undertake to buy a new weapon — an aircraft, for example — without first ensuring that a prototype has been tested thoroughly, and will do its job. Laird calls this the "fly-before-you-buy" policy; but he claims he has already put it into effect. Yet Laird opposed Proxmire's proposal that would have made it mandatory for the Pentagon to inform Congress that it was following the "fly-before-you-buy" policy. The Secretary condemned the senator's plan as "premature" and fell back on the old, old plea — if the Pentagon were bound by law to tell Congress it was doing what it has already promised to do, that somehow or other "would eliminate flexibility in acquisition strategy." Though Senator Proxmire asked, very reasonably, "Why shouldn't they tell us whether they're carrying out their own policy?", his proposal was defeated in the Senate last week, 43 to 22. The Senate also, 53 to 45, confirmed its earlier decision not to curb expansion of the Safeguard antiballistic missile system. Furthermore, "fly before you buy" apparently does not apply to ABM, which the Nixon Administration is rushing to deploy although some components have yet to pass their tests. The panel has sidestepped the ABM, but is eloquent in its insistence that the functions of test and evaluation, now dominated by weapons-developing agencies within the Army, Navy and Air Force, ought to be dissected and placed under the proposed new Deputy Secretary for Evaluation. As Fitzhugh has put it, the people who set up a military requirement should not be the same ones in charge of deciding whether the requirement has been met. He declared: "This is like a parent testing his own child," and he could have put it more strongly.

President Nixon and Defense Secretary Laird gave the Fitzhugh report a good sendoff, at San Clemente. The panel was Laird's idea in the first place. He has called the findings "very searching, very critical," and

indicates that he thinks most of the proposals will be adopted — eventually. At a Pentagon briefing, Fitzhugh himself called the Defense Department, as now structured, "an amorphous lump" that is bogged down in details and is virtually impossible to administer. The amazing thing, he said, is that it works at all. People in the military establishment spend an inordinate amount of time coordinating with one another and shuffling papers back and forth. He put it this way: "Everybody is somewhat responsible for everything, and nobody is completely responsible for anything." That revelation shouldn't surprise anyone; the muddle has gone on for many years, but the military have defeated several previous attempts at reform, including Robert S. McNamara's.

After the release of the 237-page Fitzhugh report, J. Fred Buzhardt Jr., who served as Fitzhugh's special assistant and the panel's liaison with the Defense Department, was named by President Nixon to be Department of Defense General Counsel. Buzhardt is a South Carolina lawyer who graduated from West Point and later served in the Air Force. He was formerly on the staff of Republican Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, for nine years. In Thurmond's office he was teamed up with Harry Dent, now on the White House staff. The assumption is that Buzhardt, with Thurmond's approval, and having the ear of his friend Dent, will be in a position to see that the Fitzhugh report does not gather dust. Perhaps.

## Number One Target

It takes some doing to appeal to the Wallace vote and the blacks in the same election and so attempt to put the traditional Democratic Party coalition back together again in Tennessee. For Senator Albert Gore it is possible to try that route without loss of honor. And it is his only chance. After serving the people of Tennessee with distinction for 32 years as congressman and senator, Gore is in deep political trouble, because his votes against the Indochina war, the ABM and the nominations of Judges Haynsworth and Carswell to the Supreme Court are acts of apostasy in a state that had the highest combined percentage of Nixon and Wallace votes (72 percent) in the nation in 1968. Gore says he is "the number one target of the Southern Strategy."

Long known as an indifferent campaigner, a man oblivious to such political necessities as patronage and organization, Gore has launched what for him is a blitzkrieg re-election campaign of Nixonian efficiency. Actually, the campaign is a pretty careless patchwork put together by amateurs. Basic strategic decisions —

such as how to raise money and how much of it to spend on tv, how forthrightly to take the offensive on Gore's antiwar record and the Carswell issue — have been left unresolved.

The first round came in the Democratic primary on August 6. The Gore camp expected a 150,000-vote victory. When the nearly 500,000 ballots were counted, Gore squeaked past his rival, a political cipher named Hudley Crockett, by a mere 30,000 votes. The black vote, while solidly Gore, turned out in a trickle. The Wallaceites did not return to the fold in anything like the numbers anticipated. In short, the coalition necessary to win in November did not form.

The conventional reading of the Democratic primary is that Gore is badly battered, a long shot in November at best. He will be heading into the fall campaign a divisive figure in an already divided Democratic Party. The Crockett vote must be read as a major anti-Gore groundswell. And he will be running in a border state that appears to be steadily drifting Republican. The Republicans have made strong inroads. The state legislature is evenly balanced between the two parties. Nixon carried the state in '68 and Howard Baker, Jr. won a Republican Senate seat in 1966.

However, 200,000 votes were cast in the Republican primary and 500,000 in the Democratic. Crockett's best showing came in the counties that George Wallace carried handily in 1968. In the end, Crockett and Wallace voters are Democrats, however disaffected. It remains Albert Gore's best hope that when these Democrats enter the voting booths in November they will be unable to shuck the fiercely held voting habits of a lifetime.

The Gore forces point out that sample polls conducted in the state's three most populous counties revealed an unusually large undecided vote early in the primary campaign. The lightness of the Democratic primary turnout (800,000 were expected to vote) might indicate that these voters are still undecided. If so, it is hard to foresee them turning against Gore at this late date. His record is already too well known to produce further disenchantment.

Not so with his Republican opponent, Bill Brock, fourth-term congressman from Chattanooga, who beat Tex Ritter by a three-to-one margin in the GOP primary. (The race was called by some observers a contest between the wooden Indian and the singing cowboy.) Brock, heir to a candy fortune and an anointed White House favorite, can afford to mount a saturation tv campaign. But if his earnest, Jaycee face is much in evidence on the tv screen, his voting record is not yet an item of household familiarity. Gore hopes to make it so. Representing a congressional district with a heavy concentration of small upland farmers, impoverished mountaineers and industrial workers, Brock has nevertheless voted against virtually every piece of farm and

social welfare legislation to come before the House in the last eight years. He even voted against the Appalachian Development program, which directly benefits his own district and the rest of Republican East Tennessee.

Gore contends Brock has the ideal far-right record to appall the populist vote and make it forget distant issues like the Supreme Court and Vietnam.

Tex Ritter closed out his Senate race by saying that Gore seemed to think Tennessee was "somewhere between Hartford, Connecticut and New York City." Where did that put Brock? Tex thought for a while, then said, "somewhere down in Southern Alabama." The implications of a Brock victory are obvious. Equally far-reaching for the shape of Southern politics would be a Gore victory forged in an alliance of black and Wallace votes.

## The Nixon Watch

# A Very Good Day

"I have had a very good day," the President said toward the end of his Friday in New Orleans. Before the day was over, at a lush reception for Southern journalists, and afterward, winging home through the night aboard Air Force One, the assistants and Cabinet members who accompanied Mr. Nixon were asking reporters to agree that it was "a great day," "the best day we've had," and even, in a burst of euphoric exaggeration, the best and most important day for the cause of desegregation since the Supreme Court ruled in 1954 that the segregation of public schools by race violates the Constitution.

It was hardly that, but it was a good day for the President and incidentally for White House reporters who wonder on the more frequent and less rewarding days why grown men spend their time in the study of Richard Nixon. At the day's start, flying southward from Washington, the President let himself be truthful about his purpose. His declared purpose was to meet in New Orleans with the white chairmen and the black vice-chairmen of citizens' committees that had variously been formed and were still being formed in seven Southern states to promote public acceptance of school desegregation in the 700 or so districts where segregation in dual systems persisted. Senator Allen Ellender of Louisiana remarked on the way down that he had some worries about being re-elected in 1972. "If I were as sure of '72 as you are," Mr. Nixon replied in the hearing of reporters, "I wouldn't be making this trip."

Outside the Royal Orleans Hotel in the French

Quarter, after his passage by motorcade from the airport over highways and through streets lined with friendly Southerners, the President recalled that he and Mrs. Nixon first visited New Orleans in 1941 and thanked the crowd for its welcome to "somebody that was nothing, as I was 29 years ago." He thought it necessary to explain his presence on this day, in full entourage, in much the way that he had explained himself and his recent itch to be anywhere but Washington during visits to Fargo, N.D., Salt Lake City, Los Angeles and Denver. When this is read, he predictably will be explaining in the same way his third stay in three months at his home and Western White House in California. "Instead of just sitting in Washington waiting for the people to come there," he said in New Orleans, "we are bringing the White House to all over the country. And now" — his voice rising to emphasize his point — "it is right here in Washington, D.C." We reporters laughed, but there was an edgy note in the laughter. In Denver, in a similarly exuberant moment before a similarly stimulating crowd, the President had introduced John N. Mitchell as "the Attorney General of the United Nations" and, in a reference to the federal budget, he said thousands when he meant millions of dollars. In the course of a serious and obviously well-considered statement for reporters and television, he also had said in Denver that Charles Manson, a defendant who was on trial for his life in Los Angeles, "was guilty, directly or indirectly, of eight murders without reason." Verbal slips, usually trivial, are nothing new for Mr. Nixon. But, one was entitled to reflect at that good and gay moment in New Orleans, they seemed to be occurring more often of late than they had in the recent past.

Mr. Nixon transacted his chief business in New Orleans with care and precision. There were no slips when he said to the national press and to the South, after his meeting with the white and black committeemen: "The highest court of the land has spoken. The unitary school system must replace the dual school system throughout the United States. The law having been determined, it is the responsibility of those in the federal government and particularly the responsibility of the President of the United States to uphold the law. And I shall meet that responsibility."

It was an interesting statement, skillfully framed, and its theme was the one that the President stressed again and again in private sessions, first with the full Louisiana committee (which had been pulled together in the previous 48 hours) and then at greater length with the 14 chairmen and vice chairmen. It was the Supreme Court, not Congress and not the President and the Nixon Administration, that was responsible for the law that Mr. Nixon now proposed to uphold and for the uncomfortable necessity for the South to complete, this fall, the processes of formal desegregation. The imperative now was "orderly transition" from the

last centers of "dual system" segregation to the minimal desegregation required to qualify the holdout districts as "unitary" school systems. The points were not made in these words, of course, but all present understood the implied meanings. With great earnestness, Mr. Nixon emphasized his overriding concern that "quality education" be maintained or, where it did not exist, be attained in public school systems. He never referred, on his own, to the all-white private schools to which thousands of white children were fleeing, and to his recent decision that they should be eligible for tax exemption only if they nominally agreed to admit non-whites. He similarly avoided any explicit statement of the measures he proposed to take to "uphold the law," preferring to emphasize instead his hope and his wish that compliance come about through Southern "cooperation" rather than by federal "coercion." The fact that only some 60 resistant school districts in the entire South were not under some form of federal coercion, in the shape of court orders or the administrative termination of federal subsidies was not mentioned.

Some of the community leaders, mostly bankers and lawyers and educators, who heard Mr. Nixon out, said afterward that they were impressed by his performance. Most of them had already had brief sessions with him in Washington, when their committees were formed in July and early August. The accounts they gave after the New Orleans meeting differed in detail from those given by the Nixon people, but not in ways that indicated any serious distortion. George B. Hall, the Alexandria lawyer who is chairman of the Louisiana committee, and his vice chairman, Jesse Stone, Jr., a black lawyer from Shreveport, said it was true that, as Nixon assistants had said, the atmosphere in the committee room was "hairy" with white and black men who mostly were meeting each other for the first time glaring at each other when Nixon subordinates and then the President himself appeared. Afterward, Hall and Stone said, there was at least a feeling among the committeemen that they might get together for a useful purpose, though they still didn't know just what they could do about the problems. The occasion, Hall said, "was as successful as a meeting can be in a fishbowl. It's hard to get a bunch of people together, in all the confusion, with the President arriving, and all." Jesse Stone, the black lawyer, said he told the President that black Louisianans, too, wanted "an orderly transition" toward "quality education," but they also wanted it "with justice" — meaning, an end to the firing of black teachers, the closing of black schools, and "one way" desegregation that placed most of the burden and loss upon the blacks. "I don't know that it was necessary for me to say that to the President, but I did and he listened," Stone said.

Stone was asked whether the President had said at any point that he intended to uphold the law because the law was right. "I don't recall his saying that," Stone answered. "He did say, he intended to fulfill his responsibilities. But I don't recall his saying what the responsibilities were and how he intended to fulfill them." Even so, Stone thought the meetings and the President's presence were useful. "After all," he said, "the man who came in was the President of the United States. His presence and his statement probably made some of the people there more willing than they had been to address themselves to some of the easier questions." The hard questions, Stone said, were raised by him and others but were not discussed in any detail.

At the regional meeting, a committeeman showed Mr. Nixon the 100-page book of directions and the 25½-page questionnaire that applicant districts were required to digest and fill out in order to qualify for some of the \$75 million in immediate emergency funds and perhaps \$1.5 billion in later appropriations with which the Administration hopes to ease and hasten the President's "orderly transition." Big-city authorities might be able to handle such documents, the committeeman said, but smaller districts couldn't. Quietly furious, Mr. Nixon turned to HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson and ordered him to get the application form cut down to manageable length right away. *Get that money out there*, the President said, *get it where it's needed*. On the Monday following his Friday in New Orleans, a shorter form was submitted to Mr. Nixon and he approved it.

**John Osborne**

## Tearing Up Chile

*Santiago*

Chile's Christian Democrats have scored well over the last six years, yet it looks as if the electors on September 4 will vote out the government. They may even elect as president Dr. Salvador Allende, candidate of the Communist-Socialist alliance. It would be the first time in history a Marxist became a president of a country in a free election. Meantime, large numbers of young guerrillas have embarked enthusiastically upon tearing the country apart.

Some say Christian Democrat President Eduardo Frei changed Chilean society too rapidly and raised expectations too high. Others say Frei's "revolution in liberty" lost charisma.

Three candidates are vying for the presidency. The Marxists represent only about 26 percent of the elec-

torate, but might win because the other 74 percent is split between the two parties of the Center and the Democratic Left.

If Chile votes Marxist, one influential American ambassador in Latin America says, "The USSR would then have a bonanza. Marxism *elected* in our sphere of influence! What would it do to us?" Another possibility is a military coup to reverse the election by force which would however provoke revolutionary violence.

Another American official warns: "If Allende is elected in Chile, it will give every 'tough-minded' American official who believes that none of these 'funny little countries' is capable of democracy enough rope to hang the rest of us. . . . And it will give the 'no trouble, do nothing' Americans another reason for not trying to eliminate social injustice and push reforms in these countries." In effect, if peaceful but real reforms under a democratic government are not possible in Chile, one country in the underdeveloped world with everything in its favor, they may be possible nowhere.

The last election in Chile, in 1964, was billed as an apocalyptic contest between Marxism and radical Christianity. Frei, running on a program of humanistic reform, defeated Allende. Santiago merry-makers sang and snaked through the city.

During his six years in office, President Frei, a quiet, introspective, elegant man, went on to carry through probably the most rational, nonoppressive, productive and peaceful revolution in history. The American-owned copper mines were started on a program of gradual nationalization, with Chile compensating. Almost the entire rural working population was unionized, and the big *fundos* started on the road to nationalization. Education was opened to everybody and modernized. Chile opened relations with the Soviet bloc countries and broadened its trade so much that today only 14 percent of its exports go to the US.

All of this was done in a free and open society and left Chile economically in good condition. The country's reserves two years ago were in the red; thanks to high copper price and good investment programs they stand at \$256 million. The economy grew at five percent last year, and Chile's exports are now almost equal to those of Argentina, a country historically far richer than "poor" Chile. The one overriding economic problem continues to be inflation — this year it will be about 30 percent, compared to 45 percent in 1963.

One of the major differences this year is that the Chilean people, like many in Latin America, no longer fear Marxism so much. This is part of a convergence of ideologies — socialism of a nationalist variety, military statism, radical Christian communitarianism — that is going on throughout Latin America, as ideological distinctions get fewer and fewer.

Dr. Allende, a charming physician of bourgeois

Chilean habits, discussed this in his tasteful study in Santiago, as a fire crackled in the fireplace. "The whole thing is distinct from '64," he said. "The last time, the Right voted for Frei. Today it is different. We have different groups with us. Another very important factor is the Church. Large groups of priests have clearly delineated a Christian-Marxist point of view. In '64, all the Church was for the Christian Democrats."

A factor in reducing the people's fears of "Communism" has been the fact that Dr. Allende has played up a "Chilean socialism" instead of international Communism. He has gone on tv, talking soothingly about doing no more than laying the "groundwork" for a Socialist society. But when asked whether he would create a "popular democracy" and a one-party socialist state, he said that the election is "not an electoral fight but the definitive battle," that there would be a "change of regime and of system."

In one speech, he said his government would mean Chile on one side and Cuba in the Caribbean would create "the beginning of the Latin American revolution."

What Allende would do along these lines, therefore, seems clear enough. What is less clear is what connections he has or does not have with the young "New Marxist" guerrillas of the MIR or Movement of the Revolutionary Left, a new group of approximately 500 post-Castro urban terrorists who appear to dislike the old Socialist Allende, and even Fidel Castro. They think all these "old" leaders (Castro, it must be remembered, is over 40) are too tame. They want the "armed struggle" immediately and wouldn't fiddle around with the "electoral way."

Lately they've been attacking police stations, organizing training camps in the south, starting strikes and demonstrations in which students have been killed . . . and it does not escape Allende's notice that this violence, so un-Chilean, hurts him. He has said that these "groups of adventurers isolated from the people" were causing "artificial confrontations" which were aiding the government and the Right. This, according to all accounts, represents Salvadore Allende's true feelings.

One of the things that harmed the Christian Democrats in the early days of the campaign was that their candidate, Radomiro Tomic, vigorous former ambassador to Washington and long a close associate of Frei's, did not clarify how he differed from Allende. Tomic had long been the party's advocate of an "opening to the Left" — he was certain he needed Leftist votes to win and therefore never criticized Allende. It made the campaign rather lifeless at first and Frei soon was taking it upon himself to Cassandra-ize the campaign, warning of an "end to freedom" if the Marxists won.

Physically, however, Tomic has waged a virile campaign. By early August, he had given some 1300

speeches all over the country. Kennedying-it, he had his nine children and his pretty wife out campaigning as well. Where he differs most from Allende is not in a speedier nationalization of the American companies and in compensating them, but in a continuation of free elections, in preserving the basic system. Ironically, Tomic is far more authoritarian as a person than is Allende. His favorite quote is from Baudelaire, about how the will is the most precious of faculties. Allende, for his part, is a life-loving, woman-loving man who likes to dress well and likes a witty tale. People have called him a Chilean Adolph Menjou.

Then there is the third candidate. Former President Jorge Alessandri, who preceded Frei in one of the blakest, most lackluster governments Chile has ever had, is a 74-year-old bachelor who can barely shuffle around. He is the candidate of the old Right, the *fundo*-owners, the oligarchy, and people who want "law and order." In a recent interview, he said, "A child who knows his father is strict has fewer bad habits."

As the campaign edged into its final weeks and days, tempers began to rise. It was down to an undefinable swing vote. Pollsters and analysts saw the three candidates dividing it 30-30-30 and wondered whether, at the last moment, the two non-Marxist groups might not forget their fretsome differences and get together to defeat the common enemy.

If they did not, even if no candidate gets an absolute majority and the final choice was thrown to the Congress, it was possible that Allende might win. No one doubts that the Chilean army, much less the conservative Argentine military regime, would not accept this.

High Chilean and American officials say privately that there would be an army coup, thus putting one of the last and best democratic countries in Latin America under still another military dictatorship. In this case, the Marxists, including the MIR, which has been stockpiling arms, would certainly react with violence.

On the eve of the election, a pretty maid in the Hotel Crillon in downtown Santiago mused over the ways of things. "I know that life is better now," she said firmly. "My mother had eight children and we could scarcely live. We barely had enough to eat or clothes to wear. Maybe it's because I have only two children. I've worked hard, but they are educated. One wants to be a doctor, one a journalist. They've been at home alone since they were young, but that was the only thing we could do. I voted for Frei, and I know things are better."

She knows that and a lot of people know that and everybody says that if Frei were to run today he'd get 60 percent of the vote, just like that. But since he can't run again right away, the sad epitaph for his excellent government may well turn out to be: "Nothing fails like success."

**Georgie Anne Geyer**

# On a Dirty Day You Can Play Forever

Smog, water pollution and racism all have new social purpose: they're making some game manufacturers a bundle of money. Games on the market which teach us that social concern can be fun are SMOG and Dirty Water, companion board games which pit the player, as an elected pollution control manager, against conflicting demands by big business, government, voters, and the dying environment.

Players hop around a Decision Tree, where they must confront such matters as industrial and family growth, zoning, public transportation systems, pollution control schemes and public relations campaigns. Whoever balances the different demands best, wins; astute players soon learn that a dollar or two in the pocket brings them a lot closer to victory than making small improvements in the air. Outrageous Fortune Cards complicate the 90-minute game by making it unpredictable: the wind direction may suddenly change, blowing your industries' smoke over nearby homes (you lose votes), or the legislature may propose outlawing the internal combustion engine (you lose votes but gain good air points if you support the bill; if you oppose it, the air gets worse but an appreciative Detroit industry sends you \$500).

Youngsters who find smog difficult to understand (many adults have found the rules obscure and tedious) may enjoy Dirty Water. The object is to stock your lake first with a nicely balanced supply of bass, sun-fish, algae, rotifers and copepods. DDT, phosphates and herbicides will thwart nature (and the player) at every step.

SMOG and Dirty Water come from a Cambridge consultant firm, Urban Systems, Assoc., manned by former Boston mayor John Collins and a slew of Harvard-MIT graduates. Their clients include large corporations who want to see about cutting down on their own pollution, presumably at cut-rates. The game's chief developer and company president, Richard Rosen, says he invented SMOG to set straight frustrated youths who are dedicated to cleaning up the environment, but too naive to cope with political realities. According to SMOG's instructions, "While the most important sources of air pollution are automobiles and the smoke emitted by industries which burn sulfur-containing fuels, the players soon find that it is neither wise nor possible to indiscriminately restrict industry." Rosen thinks SMOG and Dirty Water will also change the thinking of big businesses which don't realize that fighting pollution can often increase their profits in the long run (by making workers happier, increasing their productivity, slowing despoilment of valuable natural

resources), and of parochial government technicians, who never see the Big Picture.

All the education that SMOG and Dirty Water offer comes for \$10, about 25 percent more than most games on the market, which are less sensitive to social problems. "That's because we made the game just beautifully," declares developer Rosen, who apparently has never grappled with SMOG's plastic industry pegs, and snap-on plastic smoke plumes. "Most games have instruction booklets made out of toilet paper, the pieces don't fit, and the boards are flimsy. We hope people will play our game at least six or eight times."

By far the hottest social game seller is Blacks and Whites, a Psychology Today game which claims to give middle-class white players a taste of the frustration that comes with being poor, black, and in the ghetto. Players divide themselves into "blacks" and "whites" (always more whites than blacks) and then move to the roll of dice, around a property board, trying to purchase as many neighborhoods as possible. The instructions urge "blacks" to develop "wild" strategies and grab every opportunity to buy their way into white areas. The game books like an *au courant* Monopoly: instead of Boardwalk, the board has Shaker Heights, Bedford-Stuyvesant for the cheapies, and when a player goes to jail it's because Mayor Daley's cops have run him in. Programmed discriminations thwart the "black" players at every move. For example, "blacks" start with \$10,000 and "whites" get \$1 million. "We rejected one version of the game in which it was impossible for 'blacks' to win," says David Popoff, who developed the game for *Psychology Today* magazine. "'Black' players got so frustrated by the middle of the game that they wanted to quit."

Popoff thinks his game enables white players to transcend a merely intellectual understanding of the ghetto, and actually experience it. The game sells like hot-cakes. Half a million were snapped up in the magazine version, thousands more have been purchased in box form and the publishers are 15,000 orders behind. Even the Atomic Energy Commission has bought it, hoping some good game fun will alleviate tensions be-

**COMING:** A special  
education issue in  
which Joseph Featherstone  
reports on pre-school  
teaching in the seventies

tween black and white workers building a power plant near Chicago. "There's a tremendous interest on the part of people to participate rather than observe," declares Popoff. You can buy Blacks and Whites in such fashionable stores as Lord and Taylor and Woodward and Lothrop. It's not for ghetto blacks anyway. "The game is happening on the street," Popoff says.

SMOG, Dirty Water and Blacks and Whites are only forerunners of more social crisis games slated to hit the

mass market this fall. Urban Systems will soon distribute Ecology and Population: whoever makes the biggest per capita income in the face of ecological odds, wins. *Psychology Today* has almost completed Man and Woman, a game about the potentials and hazards of human relationships. The goal is to achieve "Personhood" first. The game won't stick to traditional views of men and women, says designer Popoff. "We're allowing a lot of leeway for women's liberation."

**Daniel Zwerdling**

## Knowing What's Good for You

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# The Chemical Breakfast

**by David Sanford**

Dr. James Goddard, the former FDA Commissioner, maintained that Americans waste some \$500,000,000 a year on unneeded vitamins and health foods. Vitamins are "unneeded" because, with rare exceptions, people in this country get enough to eat and, in the process, enough of the nutrients essential to good health without spending money on vitamin supplements. Good quality food is so plentiful and varied, so within everyone's reach, that even a haphazard diet, based on whim, will usually do.

The position is less in vogue than it was before Congress discovered that some poor people are not just poorly nourished but starving. It hardly matters that the average supermarket carries more than 8,000 items if you don't have money to buy them. A study done by the *Journal of Nutrition Education*, announced last November, concluded that "nutrient inadequacies . . . reach into all income groups and all regions. . . . Dietary habits of the American public have become worse, especially since 1960." Thanks to Robert Choate, there's now even some question about the nutritional merit of breakfast cereals "well-fed" people eat.

The Food and Drug Administration nevertheless persists in its desire to label vitamin products with a statement saying that they aren't necessary. The FDA, since 1968, has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars massing more than 25,000 pages of hearing testimony to prove vitamins a fraud. A few days after Robert Choate told the Senate Commerce subcommittee that all but a handful of cereals were nutritionally deficient,

there were reports that the FDA intended to force removal from the market the handful of the cereals Choate had praised (*Kaboom, Total, Product 19*). It was an odd but not necessarily the wrong move for the government to take at just the time grocers were experiencing a run on fortified cereals.

Several weeks ago, before Choate threw the cereal industry into a tizzy, I interviewed a number of General Mills and Pillsbury executives in Minneapolis on the subject of nutrition. At that time, in June, the prevailing industry mood was one of total self-satisfaction. H. Brewster Atwater, Jr., the Vice President of General Mills in charge of the company's consumer foods group, assured me that Big G had always been big on nutrition. "Back before 1941," he said, "there were certain cereals you could buy — *not ours* — that would not be nutritionally adequate. Now virtually all cereals are enriched."

Dr. Ivy Celender, who heads General Mills' Nutrition Service Department, agreed. I asked her if despite this "enrichment" there was any truth to the charge I remembered being made several years ago that breakfast cereals had the food value of cardboard. No, she said firmly, "I think this [notion] is directly in opposition to the position that's taken by the US Department of Agriculture. USDA has set up what it calls Four Basic Food Groups, one of which is bread and cereal. Now when you divide all foods available into four groups and say that these are the four that are essential to good nutrition, and we're in one of the four, you can hardly say that we're irrelevant." Post Choate, the in-

dustry, if not Dr. Celender, has become more rigorous, and less circular, in its reasoning.

It was unanimously felt at General Mills, and also at Pillsbury, that if anyone cares about nutrition it's the industry and that consumers in the main don't give the slightest damn. Paul Parker, the public relations Vice President of Big G, claimed this in discussing *Subtract*, the company's version of the *Instant Breakfast* originated by the Carnation company. *Instant Breakfast*, a sweet powder one adds to milk and drinks on the run, contains all the essential nutrients of a traditional fruit-cereal-milk-bread-and-butter breakfast. It was so successful for Carnation that General Mills developed its imitation. But *Subtract* was a commercial bomb. "We made an interesting mistake," says Parker. "We had the same product that Carnation had and had done very well with. But [General Mills' advertising] emphasized nutrition. Carnation emphasized convenience. Convenience turned out to be the more powerful persuasive tool." Carnation learned the same lesson. Its advertising had fits and starts too. A radio commercial done for *Instant Breakfast* by Erwin Wasey, a Los Angeles ad agency, invidiously compared a traditional breakfast of soggy toast, greasy bacon and cold eggs to the delightful chemical nutrients in *Instant Breakfast* (yummies like ammonium carrageenan, sodium ascorbate, ferric orthophosphate, niacinamide, and thiamine mononitrate). The ad was quickly discontinued when Carnation realized (as Big G had, or would) that convenience had more clout than better living through chemistry.

Pillsbury people, who are in the cereal grain business, chimed in like so many echolalics. According to one of the company's top scientists, Howard E. Bauman, the microbiologist in charge of Pillsbury's Life Sciences Department, "taste, texture, eye appeal and the like come first before nutritional considerations" in the consumer's mind. "Nutrition probably falls about seventh or eighth on the list." Amplifying on this, Dudley Ruch, a Pillsbury Vice President (product development) told me how the company had recently developed and test-marketed in Chicago specially enriched flour and refrigerated biscuits under a contract with the US Office of Economic Opportunity. The rationale for the study was that since bread and flour are mainstays of poor people (who eat about three times as much inexpensive grain-based foods as upper income people do), a good way to combat malnutrition among the poor would be to put high-powered nutrients in bread. Pillsbury, in the Chicago project, added lysine, an amino acid that upgrades the protein in flour. The products developed were advertised on the basis of this nutritional superiority (more protein per penny). But according to Pillsbury's unreleased report to OEO, those who bought the items did so because they thought they were going to be spectacularly and discernibly different, not

just more healthful. Sales of the high-lysine products were only "moderately successful," according to Ruch, so Pillsbury decided they wouldn't be worth marketing nationally.

Cereal products are fortified for a number of allegedly necessary reasons. The four cereals that top Robert Choate's chart are fortified in order to appeal to people over forty-five who fear coronaries and the ravages of age and hope in some small way to retard the life cycle. These products have added to them what is in effect a vitamin pill containing amounts of vitamins and minerals approaching the recommended minimum daily requirements. Other cereals and breads are enriched for the purpose of restoring the nutrients bleached and baked out of grain in the course of fabricating finished products. There appears to be more justification for replacement of this sort, since there is no attempt to improve upon nature. But here too there is controversy.

Ralph Nader, for one, has no use for processing "inevitable" that require first the destruction of natural nutrients then their "replacement" with synthetic chemical additives. "The nutritional deception about 'enriched white flour,'" says Nader, "covers up the permanent stripping . . . of most nutrients."

**T**he industry, of course, has its explanation at hand. Ivy Celender, the Big G nutritionist who considers her office "the industry counterpart of Ralph Nader," explained it to me. You see, "the exterior of grain is hard, branny, relatively indigestible and not too appetizing, and it makes the end product brown. The American consumer doesn't like that so this outer crust is removed. Unfortunately nature has put many but not all of the nutrients in this outer crust. But nutrition is only as good as you can get into people. If the American consumer isn't going to eat it if it's brown [in the case of flour], quite obviously you have no choice but to go to the white flour or the white bread. But then, realizing that a portion of the nutrients have been removed in making a product acceptable, you return these." After all the subtractions and additions the result, is said to be the same; nothing is lost. Dr. Celender points out that nutrients also are found in orange rind, egg shells, and potato peel, and nobody expects people to eat *them*, so why should industry force feed us the outer crust of wheat. Dr. Celender maintains that consumer tastes influence industry and that because people prefer what has been called "balloon bread" – soft, homogeneous, white and tasteless – that is what industry gives them. She discounts the possibility that it was industry, with its penchant for cost cutting, chemical additives and adulteration that conditioned such tastes, if indeed they exist.

Other, unaffiliated nutritionists are wary of the processing steps industry feels it must make and also

about the addition of synthetic nutrients. A nutritionist on the staff of the National Council on Hunger and Nutrition says one should not assume that a product fabricated to contain all the nutrients *thought* essential to the diet is in fact a suitable replacement for a diet rich in a variety of natural foods. There are lesser known vitamins, for instance, and other nutrients in natural foods which are poorly understood and which may not be contained in man-manipulated eats like cereals, meat analogs made from soy beans, Space Food Sticks, Metrecal and balloon bread.

**N**eedless to say the returns are not all in on these issues; there are enough differences of opinion among those who study nutrition to make conclusions tentative and everybody confused. James Trager, whose 578 page *Food Book* has just been published by Grossman (Nader's publisher), has some interesting thoughts on the matter. "Milling white flour does remove all the B vitamins and iron of the wheat berry," he says. "But relax. . . . Fortifying white flour restores the most important nutrients lost in milling; besides, we get enough of these nutrients if we eat dairy products, eggs, meat, liver, fish and poultry. The idea of 'natural' vitamins rather than synthetic can always be calculated to win consumers, but the fact is that there is no difference between the two, chemically, nutritionally or any other way." Trager is an exponent of the "most Americans get all the vitamins they need from even a minimal diet" school of thought. He's in the company of some professional nutritionists although he himself is a layman whose credentials, according to his publisher, are that he "has eaten widely in the Western Hemisphere," not to mention Europe. Trager makes up in broad good humor what another layman, the lawyer and Nader protégé, James Turner possesses in detailed moral outrage. Turner also has a new book (*The Chemical Feast*) published by Grossman in which he argues another line. He rather approves of health foods and believes wholeheartedly in vitamin pills and the undernourishment of Americans rich and poor alike. But the milling magic that turns nutritious wheat into a nutritional nullity and then reverses the process with synthetics is, to Turner, a Crime and a Scandal.

The cereal manufacturers, Robert Choate to the contrary, are bent on fortifying foods whenever possible, whether consumers care about nutrition or not, and also whether fortification is desirable or not. All of General Mills flour sold to institutional customers (restaurants, hospitals and such) will be fortified by September. Dr. Howard Bauman of Pillsbury says his company feels "a moral obligation if we know how a product is being used and something is lacking in it to add it if it's technically feasible." (Sometimes it isn't feasible. You wouldn't put vitamins in breading mixes, for example, because dropping a drumstick into hot fat destroys

them anyway.) Bauman says that if people drink Coke for breakfast, as some apparently do, then Coke should contain Vitamin C like the orange juice it presumably replaces in their diet. If winos are potassium depleted, then wine should be fortified with potassium, as some now is, to keep them alive to take another drink.

With malnutrition a serious national problem among all socioeconomic classes, the food industry feels a responsibility to provide an increasing variety of specially enriched foods, particularly in the snack-food field. Those in the business who watch trends say that "meals," as such, are a passing fancy. Not only do most people skip breakfast (64 percent of us by actual count), many of us are eating only one meal a day. In the future we may be living on as many as seven mini-meals or more-or-less-continuous snacking. When this happens it will be essential that snack foods, also much criticized for empty calories, be improved.

The supermarkets already abound in such products. Among them are "thirst quenchers" like *Gatorade*, so named because a thirst quencher does not have to meet government standards for "juices" and "drinks." *Gatorade* and other imitations like *Quick Kick* and *Instant Replay* are advertised as replacing substances one burns up in active exercise. The instant breakfasts marketed by Carnation and Pillsbury meet the needs of people too hurried to eat traditional fare. *Space Food Sticks* solve the snack problem. They were developed originally for the US space program as a compact, high energy food requiring no cooking or preparation. They contain everything man is known to need in his diet and one might conceivably thrive on 65 of them per day. That would provide all the vitamins, minerals, fats, carbohydrates, (2800 calories) one needs for an active life, but little of the pleasure in living it.

If the trends conjured by the food industry continue, the marketplace will be glutted with synthetic, fortified, additive filled, convenience foods, aesthetically questionable and potentially hazardous to health. The supposed malnutrition we now suffer as a nation may be replaced by a condition of overnutrition. The danger then will be consuming toxic levels of vitamins.

Pillsbury's associate director of research, Dr. Bauman, plays down the potential for danger. "There can be a danger of overfortification. But this would come primarily on the basis of 'power races' between companies" bent on outfortifying one another. Oil soluble vitamins like A and D can especially cause problems. You must take in high levels over long periods to show any effects, but it is possible. Bauman recalls "they had problems with Vitamin A in England" where "hell, everything was fortified with Vitamin A for a while. People were taking in as much as 25,000 to 50,000 International Units of Vitamin A a day. Over something like a year's time or thereabouts, their fat started turning yellow. There were no toxic effects, but people

began to get a jaundiced appearance. D is also a problem because there are a percentage of people sensitive to it. Maybe one percent. I think there's an associated loss of appetite, skin disorders, and what else I just can't recall. There is always the question, should you leave Vitamin D out of products just because a small percentage of the population is sensitive to it. The only way to deal with [this question] is to label products and make sure that if they have Vitamin D added they say so." (The FDA permits a number of additives to be added to foods without labeling disclosure.)

Although one can overdose on Vitamins A and D, Bauman and others insist that it isn't likely to happen, since the amounts required to cause harm are fairly high. The saying "too much of anything is not too good" seems to apply. It is possible to get a lethal dose of table salt, of water, or of the fluorine in water. You might get gout if you eat liver every day. Poisons are present in natural foods (theobromine in cocoa, oxalic acid in rhubarb), but not in sufficient quantities to generally cause harm. The FDA, derelict as it is in overseeing chemical additives, sets limits of only a few parts per million for chemicals which in large doses are toxic. Friends of the industry and industry's friends at FDA think the safeguards suffice.

The food laws complicate the problems of chemical additives of all kinds since they, in theory at least, require proof that an additive is safe as used, before it can be put in food. Many chemicals, of course, have been approved for use and later withdrawn when the proof was disproved.

Robert Choate, it now seems, was terribly unfair to the breakfast cereal industry, not only in sneering at cereals as containing empty calories, but in creating unjustifiably high demands on cereals. (The evidence seems to suggest that if anything the industry has gone overboard with fortification.) If all one ate each day was a bowl of cereal, it should certainly contain all the nutrients necessary to a complete diet, the minimum daily requirements of everything. But no one does that. The 36 percent of the population that surveys say eat a complete breakfast use cereals as only a fractional component of total diet. Cereals cause people to eat milk, which they might otherwise abhor. (Milk was ignored in Choate's cereal ratings.)

The penultimate unnutritious cereal on the Choate list, Quaker Shredded Wheat, provides 4.7 percent of one's needed calories, five percent of protein, 19.5 percent of needed phosphorous, 15 percent of iron, 10 percent of thiamine (Vitamin B), and 16 percent of niacin (nicotinic acid). That's not bad considering the place a bowl of shredded wheat has in one's food intake and the place shredded wheat has on Choate's list. Employing Choate's criteria, Quaker Oat Company rated other foods with cereal (with milk) and found all 60 dry cereals higher in nutrients than eggs, bacon, and

breakfast pastries.

General Mills' nutritionist, Dr. Celender, contends that her company treads carefully the line between too little and too much in fortifying cereals. "Certainly we do not put vitamins in cereal merely to sell cereal. We go to national studies such as the USDA [Agriculture] Household Consumption Survey." From such sources Big G isolates nutritional deficiencies in the population and attempts to do something about them in its products. "We know, for instance, that the American public tends to be getting too little iron, too little Vitamin A and Vitamin C." So it seems reasonable to use them in fortification.

Pillsbury, as well, insists that its concern for nutrition is heartfelt, and temperate. Howard Bauman sits on an industry committee of the American Medical Association's Council on Foods and Nutrition. The committee meets periodically to find practical solutions to nutritional problems, now especially those involving fears of overfortification. The Nutrition Council is currently considering revising standards published in September '68. At that time the Council re-endorsed the enrichment, fortification and restoration of the nutritional value of certain foods including the "retention or restoration" of thiamin, riboflavin (Vitamin B<sub>2</sub>), niacin and iron in processed cereals. The criteria employed seem to make sense. Fortification decisions should be based on consideration of the total diet and the place in it the fortified food has. (Cereal is only a small part; therefore it need not be supernutritious.) Fortification should be considered when there is an established lack in public eating habits. Fortification should not create an "imbalance of essential nutrients." Levels should never be so high they are toxic. New foods (meat analogs, space sticks, etc.) should contain the nutrition of the natural foods they replace in the diet (Vejaburgers should be as good for you as ground beef).

**T**he cereal controversy has served the public in the sense that it has, for the moment at least, made people less oblivious to nutrition than the industry thought they were. It may now be possible, as it was not in June, for the food people to cut all the advertising crap intended to interest little children in the least nutritious cereals and old people like Esther Williams and Eddie Albert in fountains of youth. Now that people presumably care, the ad agencies can go to work stressing what people should want in breakfast food. Effective and intelligent advertising might give a boost to cereal sales which are lagging or increasing only with the population. For more than two-thirds of us the cereal controversy doesn't matter much because we don't eat (and probably don't like) the stuff. Henry H. Porter, the Vice President of General Mills in charge of its money, sighs "Nothing at all for breakfast is *Cheerios*' biggest competitor."

# A Congressional Report on Military Spending

## Cutting the Pentagon Down to Size

by Ralph E. Lapp

Military technology, bristling with complexity and soaring in cost, dominates the US budget, yet under a dozen senators can claim a thorough grasp of modern weapons systems. To apply checks and balances to the Pentagon's monumental requests for appropriations, Senators Joseph S. Clark (D, Pa.), Jacob K. Javits (R, N.Y.) and George McGovern (D, S.D.) met with a few members of the House and proceeded to make a political invention. They founded an organization known as Members of Congress for Peace Through Law (MCPL). The privately funded group established a number of committees, one of which, *Military Spending*, analyzed half a dozen defense topics and last year made its first report. The Pentagon promptly dismissed it as inconsequential and poorly informed. Senator Barry Goldwater (R, Ariz.) took to the Senate floor to criticize it.

This year the MCPL *Report on Military Spending* \* was taken more seriously by the Department of Defense, which managed to get its hands on one of 25 copies of a June 12th draft. The copying machines in the Pentagon turned out many reproductions of the report. Some turned up on the desks of members of the Armed Services Committee. One found its way to the White House. On July 16th a Pentagon spokesman targeted the MCPL report in a press conference, asserting that it contained classified data. Apparently, now, the MCPL group was too well informed.

Senator Strom Thurmond (R, S.C.), standing in for Sen. Goldwater, attacked the report and vowed he would keep it from being printed in the *Congressional Record*. Senator Mark Hatfield (R, Ore.), co-chairman (with Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin) of the MCPL committee on military spending, returned Thurmond's fire. Unable to pry loose a list of the violations, Sen. Hatfield pinpointed an itemization that defense officials leaked to the press and documented the MCPL origin of each item. All the suspect material came from printed sources in the public domain. Two weeks after this rebuttal, Sen. Hatfield met with a Pentagon spokesman and discovered that there were some 30 items of

information which the Defense Department would have preferred to control, but only four serious disclosures. These, however, the official privately admitted had appeared in print elsewhere.

Staff workers who authored individual sections in the MCPL study were grieved that the Pentagon had attacked the report on security grounds. "It's a typical defense maneuver," one staffer told me, "right out of their Department of Dirty Tricks." However contrived, the DDT approach to the MCPL report backfired. Not only were the charges refuted; the controversy drew public attention to the study.

Work on the defense study began early this year when Sen. Hatfield and a small group of MCPL members, together with staff members, met in the Capitol to plot a course for their project. It was then decided that the 1970 effort should embrace many more weapons than had been studied in 1969. Originally, it was hoped that the 1970 report might be a kind of anti-posture statement, countering the thrust of the Defense Secretary's annual presentation to the Armed Services and Appropriations Committee. The latter however became modified to the course of budget-trimming and the MCPL group decided to go beyond the framework of the defense posture statement.

Specific work projects were assigned to Senate and House staff personnel and to a few independent experts. Individuals volunteered to accept responsibility for analyzing and reporting on the B-1 bomber, the MBT-70 Army tank and a score of weapons projects. Some volunteers worked on their assignments full time but most sandwiched in the work after-hours. Considering the scope and magnitude of the undertaking, the task force seemed to be Lilliputian in character. But somehow the job was done. Two individuals can be singled out by name, while the majority must remain cloaked in the anonymity so essential to the traditional role of Senate and House personnel.

Ron Tammen, a 26-year-old doctoral candidate, serves as special consultant to MCPL and rode herd on the military spending report. His thesis titled "MIRVs, the Balance of Terror and the Action-Reaction Principle" (Department of Political Science, University of Michigan) made it natural for Tammen to write about multiple, independently targeted warheads for Minute-

\* The 270 page report is available at \$10 per copy from: Members of Congress for Peace Through Law, Suite 210, 201 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. A summary and the recommendations of the report appear on pages S 12559-12566 of the *Congressional Record* for July 31, 1970.

man III and Poseidon. He also contributed to the section titled "Intelligence and Policy" in which one senses the hard core of the Pentagon's power—its self-definition of threats through selective control and release of intelligence data.

George Gilder, who left Senator Charles Mathias' (R, Md.) office on August 1 to go to Harvard, acted as general editor of the report. "It's a very modest and conservative report," commented the young Republican who has served as speech writer for notables in his party. But one thing does stand out in the MCPL study—it is framed in the context of that which is politically possible. Some Republicans and Southern Democrats will find the adjective conservative hard to swallow, but this is a reflection on the extremism, especially in weaponry, of many conservatives. All the Pentagon has to do is to concoct a new acronym or hint at a weapon concept and the weapons-oriented conservatives can't spend money fast enough to get the new piece of military hardware.

After doing their homework and looking into details of the various weapons systems, the MCPL congressmen called for a \$4.4 to \$5.4 billion cut in the fiscal year 1971 budget, along with manpower cuts amounting to about the same sum. In other words, they recommended a 14 percent cut in military spending, which they calculated would produce "eventual savings—(of) from \$95 to \$100 billion." The "they" in this case should be defined as eleven senators and sixteen representatives who signed the report, but it is generally viewed as including the MCPL membership of 28 senators and 70 representatives.

Sen. Goldwater paid oblique tribute to the MCPL study by describing it in a Senate speech as a "rather complete and extensive and well studied book," adding that he was "impressed with the enormous amount of research and effort that went into its preparation." The Arizona senator surmised that it "must have been a highly expensive project." He has since been given details of MCPL finances and fund-sources and must be chagrined to learn that something less than \$30,000 went into the study—including overhead on the 1-bedroom efficiency apartment which serves as MCPL headquarters.

With his well-known preference for strategic bombers, Sen. Goldwater disagreed with the MCPL conclusion on nuclear deterrence, namely, that choices must be made in the three-fold mix of land-based ICBMs (Minuteman), bombers like the B-1 and sea-based missile systems. In this connection the report made five recommendations:

- A. Modify the Safeguard ABM program with cuts ranging from \$404 to \$1085 million;
- B. Continue but not speed up Poseidon MIRV program;
- C. Cancel deployment of Minuteman III MIRVs, cutting \$575.7 million;
- D. Postpone indefinitely the procurement of the new manned strategic bomber, B-1, cutting \$100 million (R&D funds);
- E. Continue spending on ULMS (Underwater long-range Missile System) research and development.

Arguing that the deterrent trident need not have prongs of equal lethality, the study expressed little enthusiasm for land-based systems and opted for ocean-based deterrence. All of which perturbed the bomber enthusiasts like Goldwater and caused him to issue a critique of the MCPL evaluation of the B-1. But by this time the sheer cost of the B-1 system was causing disharmony in the Senate Armed Services Committee. Senator Thomas J. McIntyre (D, N.H.), chairman of the Committee's subcommittee on research and development, recommended cutting the B-1 R&D budget from \$100 million down to \$50 million and called for a thorough review of the strategic aircraft.

**T**he MCPL assessment of the B-1 takes up 14 pages in its report; it cites 7 reasons advanced for the strategic aircraft and then proceeds to discuss these in detail. This analysis was aided by a small task force of Princeton engineers who came to Washington, D. C. this summer and ended up studying the B-1. For example, it pinpoints the dependence of the new bomber on its tanker (presently the KC-135) which has to fuel it twice—target-bound and homeward-bound. It raises the possibility that the US Air Force will attempt to buy a new tanker—a converted Lockheed C-5A. Senator McIntyre told the Senate on August 5th that "the procurement of 255 modified C-5As for use as tankers—if needed—could be expected to cost \$27.5 million per copy, for a total cost of over \$7 billion." If one adds up \$2.3 billion, to be expended before the B-1 flies, to R&D costs for the twin penetration devices SRAM and SCAD, and then figures in a minimum of \$10 billion for procurement, the B-1 strategic system will add up to more than \$20 billion.

The MCPL case against the B-1 is formidable and although Senator Goldwater attempted to demolish it in a Senate speech on August 5th, he ended up being strongly counterattacked by Senators McIntyre, McGovern and Proxmire. Reaching into their own data banks they bombarded the Arizona legislator with potent facts and figures, the most impressive of which must be the \$20-billion systems cost for the new bomber.

A triple layer of nuclear deterrence—bombers,

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RALPH E. LAPP is author of *Arms Beyond Doubt*. His article "SALT Chips and Safeguard," appeared in *The New Republic*, August 15.

ICBMs and SLBMs – may be comforting to military planners who make the worst possible assumptions about enemy threats, but the cost overburden of these strategic forces tends to suffocate the national economy. Furthermore, the US quest for nuclear superiority breeds a continuing arms race and the weapons systems tend to propagate according to the dictates of technological possibility. As the MCPL report emphasizes, the US *pre-response* to possible Soviet ballistic missile defense was to develop penetration aids and multiple warheads. The deployment of the Moscow ABM-1 system was the signal for beginning production-deployment of Poseidon and Minuteman III – an aggrandizement of more than 5000 additional US offensive warheads in the strategic arsenal. Yet we know that the Moscow ABM-I can be knocked out by a single strike – one Hiroshima bomb will do – at the system's monstrous Dog House radar.

**T**he MCPL overview of strategic forces is a 14-page fact-crammed analysis that should be required reading for every congressman. Drawing heavily on data contained in Defense Department documents and congressional hearings, the discussion of strategic deterrence is the best, most lucid, analysis of the subject that has appeared in print. Its significance is accentuated by the fact that Secretary Laird has labeled his current defense budget as "transitional" pending the outcome of the SALT talks, the second phase of which has just concluded at Vienna. Should no agreements on the limitation of strategic arms be reached this year, then the Congress may be faced with a fiscal year 1972 budget that calls for more strategic arms. One has only to glance at page 101 of Part I of the Senate Armed Service Committee's fiscal year 1971 hearings to appreciate what may be in the offing. This page is titled: FY 1971 budget issues on which the Secretary and Joint Chiefs disagreed at the time of submitting their strategic objectives for 1971-1978. It itemizes 10 projects, namely, the B-1, WS-120A (advanced ICBM), Minuteman III, ULMS, MK-3 (new Poseidon warhead), SRAM, C-5A and two antisubmarine warfare projects plus a substantial increase in Air Force fighter/attack wings. Fortunately, these are projects that receive careful scrutiny in the MCPL study.

Strategic forces account for about a fifth of the defense budget, so that those seeking real economy in national security should look to reductions in general purpose forces. In this area manpower accounts for major dollar costs and cutbacks inevitably must be linked to war strategies. Secretary Laird's *kriegspiel* calls the previous Administration's (Secretary Clark Clifford's) military design a "2-1/2 war strategy" and quotes Clifford as profiling US General Purpose Forces "... to meet simultaneously two major contingencies (one in Europe and one in Asia) and one minor contingency, as well as a 'War at Sea'."

Maintaining that the Johnson Administration failed to provide the means to support a 2-1/2 war strategy, Secretary Laird defined what has come to be known as a 1-1/2 war strategy. According to the current Posture Statement, "under our new strategy we will maintain in peacetime General Purpose Forces that are adequate for simultaneously meeting a major Communist attack in either Europe or in Asia, assisting our allies to cope with non-Chinese threats in Asia, and in addition, meeting a contingency elsewhere." If we count the first of these contingencies as an integral war, rated 1, and the third as a fractional (1/2), we have the second contingency (Vietnam) equaling 0. However, you add it up, a fractional war is now fracturing our economy and preparedness for 1-1/2 war is a disintegrating factor in our national programs.

It should be pointed out that the Atlantic-Pacific phases of World War II never did add up to a 2-war strategy. The war in the Pacific was kept at a fractional value until Germany was defeated. So it's nonsense to talk of a 2-1/2 war strategy, but it's mighty confusing to see what Secretary Laird means by his 1-1/2 war strategy. Unfortunately the MCPL report attacks the problem of the general purpose forces piecemeal and there is not a sufficiently critical review of Laird's shift to a 1-1/2 war strategy. However, the discussion of air-land-sea forces and individual weapons systems is very incisive. For example, the analysis of the main battle tank (MBT-70) is a remarkably penetrating study. The US Army's "dream tank," begun as a joint venture in Germany (1963), illustrates how adding sophistication to a piece of military hardware escalates its cost and complicates its performance.

The Army's 52-ton M60 A-1 tank cost around \$220,000 per copy in production runs whereas the MBT-70 has tripled this price and is now so much disputed that it will undergo a title change, becoming the XM-803. The Congress traditionally accepts the notion that tanks are necessary and the Army has not yet resorted to giving the new behemoth an Eisenhower or Bradley glamor name to ease it through appropriations. MCPL does not dispute the need for a tank but questions the value of the MBT-70 and cites the fact that a single tank is vulnerable to a relatively inexpensive anti-tank weapon. Total cost of deploying the new tank is estimated at \$8 billion.

The tank's major role would be in conventional warfare in the NATO theater. But what numbers of the MBT-70s would be needed in such land combat? No one, of course, can specify the force levels without making fundamental assumptions about the length of such a war. Could, for example, a conventional war drag on in Europe without recourse to tactical nuclear weapons? We have 7000 such special explosives on-the-ready for such combat and we have given our land forces a dual-capability. I find it most improbable

that a war would be protracted in which both sides possessed large numbers of nuclear weapons without these being used. When a field commander is in a tight spot he summons up maximum firepower. He has been provided with a whole series of surface-based missiles including the Honest John, Sergeant, Lance and Pershing. Tactical nuclear weapons, it may be noted, were first introduced to the European theater by US forces in 1953; the Soviets responded in kind four years later.

The MCPL report is deficient in discussing US Army missiles – a vitally important topic since it bears on the issue of land warfare tactics. For example, if one side uses a few low-yield nuclear weapons against troops or tactical targets in a battlefield situation, then the embattled commander's first demand on his support forces will be to direct firepower on the launch sites from which he was attacked. Since the latter may be many miles from the front line and may take the form of mobile launchers, "adequate response" would be the return fire of nuclear weapons. No one can write the rules for such nuclear exchanges, although some have tried, and it seems inevitable that the local combat area would soon expand as each side resorted to longer and longer range and higher-yield nuclear warheads. Would the Pershing missile, which has cost \$1.1 billion so far, ever be used at 400-mile range? To most European nations this would constitute strategic warfare!

The MCPL report's action on chemical warfare is an extensive exposition of the use of defoliants in Vietnam, including an unexplained spraying of rubber plantations in Cambodia. MCPL recommends: (1) terminate the anti-crop and defoliant program and (2) prohibit transfer of these chemicals to second countries.

Elsewhere in the report, it is recommended that one full division and all nuclear weapons be withdrawn from Korea. A limited reduction in European ground forces "perhaps to under 100,000 men over three or four years" is also proposed. It is acknowledged that these manpower cutbacks place reliance on greater mobility and add to airlift and sealift capability. The MCPL study takes into account the impact that troop reductions in Europe might have both in the Soviet sector and in NATO countries. It states that "if consideration of American reductions in troop levels in Europe were to lead to substantial reductions on the part of other NATO members, the US should certainly reexamine the proposition that American interests in Europe require actions which our allies – the purported beneficiaries of those actions – are not interested in performing for themselves."

Tactical air power comes in for some severe criticisms of specific aircraft, primarily the F-15 and the F-14. The Air Force F-15 is aimed at replacing the F-4 but at four times the unit price. As a result the F-15 program is expected to cost \$7.4 billion. MCPL recommends cutting funds for the program "pending submis-

sion of a design which costs between F-4 and current F-15 costs." The US Navy's multi-mission F-14 swing-wing plane is designed to carry an internal cannon and/or Sidewinder, Sparrow or Phoenix missiles. MCPL recommends deferring all or part of the F-14 funds (program costs of \$8.3 billion are estimated) pending review of the size of the carrier fleet and receipt of a simpler, less costly aircraft design.

Defense plans call for 16 attack carriers and 72 active squadrons (1430 aircraft) through the end of the Vietnam war. This fleet includes the nuclear-powered *Enterprise*, 8 Forrestal-class, 3 Midway and 3 Hancock-class CVAs plus an anti-submarine (CVS) carrier, the *Shangri La*. The 15 capital ship rationale is traced back to the Washington Naval Conference of 1921. Congress has approved funds for two nuclear (CVAN) carriers; the *Nimitz* (CVAN-68, \$536 million) and the *Eisenhower* (CVAN-69, \$510 million) and controversy now centers on a third carrier, CVAN-70, to cost \$640 million.

The actual carrier cost is just the tip of the iceberg. A carrier needs a protective screen of four destroyer escorts and logistics ships and one should count in the cost of the air wing it carries. This adds up to \$1.8 billion per carrier according to the MCPL assay of naval forces – and that is not all. In peacetime only a third of the carrier fleet is in a "steady state deployed status" so the estimate is \$5.4 billion per carrier "on station."

Since the carriers have no strategic nuclear mission, they must be assessed in terms of their tactical potential. MCPL maintains that a carrier can launch a maximum of 150 sorties per day and notes that 1000 per day are flown in Vietnam, mainly, of course, by the Air Force. This comparison brings into play the cost effectiveness of land-based vs sea-based tactical air power. MCPL opts for land-based air support and recommends that "no new nuclear carrier should be constructed. Moreover, the number of carriers on active duty should be reduced to 10 or 12 as soon as practical."

**N**aval costs are soaring. For example, the Navy's new DD-963 destroyer, a 7000-ton, 460-foot vessel will cost \$111 million apiece. This pricing comes from a General Accounting Office (GAO) study which places the 30-ship program cost at \$3.35 billion. A special class destroyer, the nuclear frigate DLGN-38, will run \$222 million per copy. MCPL urges a go-slow policy on buying the new ships, maintaining they are essentially platforms to launch the new Mark-48 torpedo and the "DLGN will be only as good as its weapons." A caustic nine-page analysis of the Mark 48, a two-ton, 19-foot, deep-diving torpedo of 1962 development origin, cites a 600 percent cost overrun – from \$682 million to \$3.9 billion. It properly estimates a DLGN-38 systems cost of \$4.9 billion. A \$4.3 billion price tag is affixed to the Navy's SSN-688, nuclear-powered killer submarine

program, which the MCPL group suggests, be held in abeyance until its weaponry is proved out.

The military shopping list grows longer. The weapons systems become more dubious in value and less substantiated in mission, but one thing remains common – the price escalates. Here is where the MCPL study zeroes in and performs a most valuable service for the Congress as it attempts to draw together the pursestrings on the defense budget. MCPL has been greatly aided by the mounting stack of budget studies by the General Accounting Office. These GAO reports, often made available through the individual requests of congressmen, have received little publicity (some are classified SECRET and MCPL has steered clear of such material) but they represent powerful instruments for Congress in its critique of military spending.

Congress has also turned up another instrumentality in the process of having some of its members work together on the MCPL study. An "invisible college of defense knowledge" has been created on Capitol Hill. It is a telephone-connected group of congressional staff workers who have developed expertise in specific defense sectors. One representative's assistant, for example, became remarkably knowledgeable about the

Mark-48. A Senate aide steeped himself in the lore of the MBT-70 and another developed a sure grasp of what MIRV is all about. Now normally each congressman's office is sovereign territory and boundary lines are fairly well fixed, but MCPL crossed over these borders and interconnected at least a fraction of the 535 domains. Traffic coursed between both Houses and crossed the political aisles and as a result a defense information system came into existence. Weapon expertise is available quickly or can be found to provide congressmen with up-to-date and reliable data.

Oddly enough, defense information inundates Capitol Hill. My working set of authorization-appropriations hearings for 1970 alone totals more than 13,000 pages of fine GPO print. But I have to index it myself and depend largely upon cortical recall to use it. Here the *Report on Military Spending* stands out as a truly impressive study – a critical selection of pertinent defense data and a formulation of questions that must now be answered.

The multibillion dollar price tags on the hardware items in the Pentagon's shopping basket are not airy-fairy possibilities – they are GAO-certified numbers that can shape the future of our economy.

## The Lesson of California

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# Disfranchise the Old

**by Douglas J. Stewart**

You really can't go home again, if California is home, for the simplest of demographic reasons: it grows too fast. Since I left in 1958 for graduate school in the East until I returned last January as a visiting professor at the University of California, San Diego/La Jolla, the state has added another 33 percent new residents. Comparable percentage changes through immigration over so short a time have been rare in history, and when they have occurred at all they have brought severe social dislocation if not disaster.

One day I asked a class for an essay on the topic

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"Lucian in La Jolla." What would the old Greek satirist have to say about the lush retirement colony the University of California had chosen to endow (or affront) with one of its newest branches? I expected at most elementary derision of the pseudo-Spanish street names, the pastel vulgarity of the business district and relentless display of wealth on all sides, even (or especially?) in the churches. Anything but what I got. To a man, my students spent the bulk of their time commenting on an astonishing fact: everyone in La Jolla seems to be over 60 or under 25; there are few middle-aged people or children. And the two largest groups, students and rich retirees, especially from the armed services, literally smoke with hostility at one another. Old people in the streets refuse to give students directions or even speak to them; businesses refuse them

service; the local press prints an endless stream of abuse directed at them and the University; and the cops lose few opportunities to threaten students found off-campus. A dozen times I have overheard retired car dealers and admirals calling prayerfully for a pogrom of students (Reagan's "bloodbath" remark was so obviously music to the ears of these his natural constituents that I cannot believe it was the slip of the tongue he claimed).

**L**a Jolla is simply an extreme case of what is happening in all San Diego County, and San Diego is only a few steps behind Orange County as it moves toward the politics of reaction and violence. The two counties will send two admitted Birchers to Congress this year, and more will follow from other parts of Southern California. Not because the Right is making new converts, but because the vaguely liberal California of Earl Warren and Pat Brown is sinking out of sight under a wave of immigrants: on May 31 the *Los Angeles Times* reported the appalling fact that Orange County is growing at the rate of 173 people a day. These migrants come overwhelmingly from the Bible Belt, and bring their fundamentalist politics with them; they are relatively wealthy; they are old and getting older. The highest possible concentration of reactionary factors.

Historically there have been at least three different Californias. Before 1929 the state was mecca for the optimist and the opportunist: they came from every part of the country, held every conviction and none, and were of every age, class and cultural style. Between '29 and 1942, immigrants were by and large the saddest victims of the depression, the landless surplus of the Bible Belt. But need tempered their naturally conservative mythologies and drove them into the arms of the New Deal if not outright radicalism. By 1942, however, as insecurity began melting away under the sun of the defense boom (which never really stopped) the experience of coming to California no longer served to change people—it just made them more invincibly what they were. They now came not to survive but to enjoy and command, Lotus Land *plus* the traditional certitudes of small town America. California was no longer a refuge from the breakdown of familiar society but a reward, like Heaven, for having been loyal to that society. Like Heaven, too, it came near the end of one's career: more and more, California became a retirement home for the wealthy (the poor couldn't afford it). After '29, people came in hope and were open to new experience; after '42 they came increasingly in arrogance, unshaken in anything from the tastes that were served by Disneyland to the political loyalties that were threatened by the University of California.

The University, one hears everywhere, "is losing control of the young." This concept of control is not originally Californian, but Midwestern. Most of California politics today—all of it centers eventually on

the University—is a response to the demands of the immigrants that civic life be reassembled in the shapes that were customary back home. Especially with respect to the young: control must be established at any cost. It's no secret that the old fear and resent the young. In static societies, this resentment is channeled into systems of social control, whereby the young are kept on a waiting list for discretion and advantages until they learn (cynically) to behave like their elders. If they expect to inherit what their elders possess, they have been told in no uncertain terms, they must repress or at least mask their natural contumacy, the blatant fact that they have a future while the elderly don't, and especially their health and vigor (sexual envy has always figured importantly in laws and customs affecting them). Imitating the weaknesses of the old has always been the young man's key to success; using his own strengths has promised only pain and privation.

But California is not a static society, or even a stable one. And rigorous social control of the young has never been the going system. The depression migrants were too shattered by their experience to dream of reestablishing the protocols of a society that tried to destroy them. If California could save them, who had lived a half-life in the old and discredited society of the heartland, what could it do for their children who know *nothing but* California? Faith in environment replaced loyalty to traditions. They viewed their own children with awe as a pre-Adamite race, the first wholly authentic and uncontaminated Californians, rightful masters of the new order; and although they were naive their attitude was based on an elementary truth: through historical accident their children did hold certain special exemptions from the "normal" law of generational inheritance. It was not their choice, after all, that caused them to be born as the first generation of real Californians, to grow up responding to the anti-traditional flux and cultural agnosticism which they found to be the conditions of life when they opened their eyes to the world. California society is a pure paradox: age is nearly always in inverse ratio to length of residence. The only "old" Californians are the young, born largely after 1940; the old are merely "new" Californians, post-war claim jumpers. The quarrel between the two goes as deep as the territorial instinct itself; the young are defending their turf against the new-old; the old are waging a war of counter-revolutionary insurgency to re-colonize the state on terms dictated from the mother countries, Nebraska, Arkansas and Tennessee.

The University is the combat zone. For years it has promised rising generations of Californians that with talent they could get a superb tuition-free education without regard for wealth or social origin. It was the flowering of the liberal faith in the future and a benignly designed environment. It was the one "poverty program" that worked: it really could rescue you from

poverty in one generation. This of course has not been true for those who were limited by color or language from getting a full or decent secondary education—but the white students more and more favor special means to open the University and its advantages to dispossessed groups, which infuriates the new Californians even more than tuition-free education for white poor. And Reagan's newly imposed tuition, in the public mind, is a device aimed at keeping blacks and Chicanos out of the University.

The new-old Californians remember that, back home, even public universities were relatively costly and effectively excluded the poor; they helped maintain, not blur, social and racial distinctions; and they enforced the traditional faiths in business, the Anglo-Saxon race, the Protestant churches, and generally the idea that education consists primarily in learning certain rituals of behavior and speech that make one's neighbors feel comfortable. They were hardly prepared for the University of California, its enormous influence on public policy, its Nobel Laureates (what is *that?*), its independent and well-rewarded faculty, its indifference to student sexual behavior, its surly and independent student press. Their reaction was predictable and vicariously violent. They saw the University, particularly after 1964 and the Free Speech Movement, as a scalding reproach to their own youth and the commitments upon which it was spent. In their growing discontent, all they lacked was a leader.

They got one. Ronald Reagan is the totally adept manipulator of the new Californians. It is as though Moses without provocation had decided to forget the Holy Land and go into business as Pharaoh, enslaving his hosts. His politics is based on the simple fact that new arrivals from the heartland do now and will continue to form a decisive marginal constituency that swings elections, and this group is infinitely shockable by everything that happens at the University, not just by the riots, but by course-descriptions, the annual budget, faculty salaries, and the mere notion of academic freedom. These voters are used to a politics aimed at an image of demons and sinners, not at hard-headed issues, and the University is an all-purpose demon. If it has been tuition-free and still has paid high salaries to those pinko professors, it must be rotten with subversion as well as responsible for high taxes. Cutting funds and forcing tuition kills two birds with no stones at all, saving money and punishing radicals at the same time.

Of course, high taxes have little or nothing to do with the University. The worst levies are city and county property taxes, which do not support the University. The income tax is negligible and the biggest bite is the four percent sales tax, which hurts the poor. (Any native of 18 has paid, or had paid for him, far more in sales taxes toward the University than a newly arrived retiree from Iowa will ever pay in income taxes.) And

finally, the University budget of over \$200 million only looks large if one forgets the enormous capital investment of many dozens of billions willingly paid for by past generations. The annual budget is merely the servicing cost of the state's most important capital asset. Described in its truest terms, the Reagan-led assault on the University is nothing more than the liquidation of that asset, a gerontocratic usurpation of other people's birthright.

Which leads to a woeful conclusion: we face a serious constitutional crisis—California faces civil war—if we continue to allow the old an unlimited franchise. There are simply too many senile voters and their number is growing. The vote should not be a privilege in perpetuity, guaranteed by minimal physical survival, but a share in the continuing fate of the political community, both in its benefits and its risks. The old, having no future, are dangerously free from the consequences of their own political acts; and it makes no sense to allow the vote to someone who is actuarially unlikely to survive, and pay the bills for, the politician or party he may help elect.

We have no qualms about denying the vote to one group, children, because we see a strong correlation between age and the prevalence of dangerous temptations: giddiness, fatuity and the herd-instinct (even if the voting age is lowered to 18, this would only be an empirical judgment that maturity begins earlier than we thought, and in no way disturbs the principle that there is an age below which political responsibility cannot be *assumed*). But the old are subject to a complementary set of temptations. As a class they are not, as pious belief would have it, wise, benign and tolerant. Aristotle observed with acerbic precision in the *Rhetoric* that their chief characteristics are greed, cowardice, resentment over the cheats of life that did not turn out as planned, and the consequent desire to punish somebody for it. One may add, from *Lear*, willful self-deception in the indulgence of soured emotions, envy and vengefulness, a bloc even more certainly herd-inclined than the young, moved, not by a vision of the common good, but by a desire to see old prejudices vindicated.

I would advocate that all persons lose the vote at retirement or age 70, whichever is earlier. And most important, as the lesson of California teaches, anyone who migrates to another state after age 55 should lose the vote forthwith. Such persons move not to contribute to their new community but to extract its advantages. This they may do, but they must not be allowed the additional privilege of helping to upset existing political forces and undoing social and cultural arrangements arrived at by long-term residents who have invested youth, work, taxes and imagination in their communities. Above all, they must not be permitted to help political mountebanks confiscate other people's futures.

# Stanley Kauffmann on films

## The Revolutionary

(United Artists)

## Out of It

(United Artists)

## Joe

(Cannon)

Paul Williams' first film was a short documentary about the French village of Chanzaux which he made right after he graduated from Harvard several years ago. I thought it was done with sympathy and visual discretion, and I showed it on a TV series I was running at the time. Since then Williams has made two features, the second of which — *The Revolutionary* — was released first. It, too, shows sympathy and visual discretion; it also shows serious shortcomings.

Admittedly, it would have been hard for anyone to make a successful film of this script, which Hans Koningsberger adapted from his own novel. We are obviously invited to compare the work with Kafka; the hero is called A., and the setting is nameless (although the film was shot in London). A more pertinent comparison is with Koestler's *Arrival and Departure* which, in Orwell's phrase, purported "to show that revolutionary creeds are rationalizations of neurotic impulses." But at least Koestler showed us the neurotic impulses and the rationalizing. Koningsberger expects our interest merely by giving us a pathetic weakling, instead of the fiery militant suggested by the title.

A. is a philosophy student from a middle-class family. When we meet him he is a member of a student radical committee, then he moves to a disciplined workers' Party, then to affiliation with a revolution-as-theater Hoffman-Rubin type. He moves, too, from an affair with a radical woman to one with a rich girl who leaves her home to follow him.

The script is paralyzed by the mimetic

fallacy. A. is a nebulous character who is involved in revolution, not because of some burning idea, clearly held, but because of some amorphous wish to improve things, and he is partially propelled by sex drives and dislike of his home. But the script itself is nebulous and amorphous. We are never convinced that Koningsberger knows any more about A. than we do, if as much. A. simply floats from one utterly familiar set of political or amorous circumstances to another until — without any real development — there is a mechanical climax. There has been no resolution and no enlightenment. The picture drifts and meanders like A. himself.

Its chief asset is Jon Voight in the leading role. His splay-footed, shambling walk and his tentative speech give us the vivid surfaces of the man; but, like a true actor, Voight has begun far below the surfaces, with an imaginative birth. The hesitations, the impulses, the mild hysterics, the inexplicable bursts of courage are grounded in a being. One crude proof: if this were the first time you saw Voight, you might easily believe that this is the way he "is." But he spends the entire film preparing for a role which he is never given to play. The use and fulfillment of the character are simply not there. He has been asked to make bricks with too much straw.

Robert Duval, who acted with Voight in the off-Broadway production of *View from the Bridge*, makes a hard-bitten Party leader. Seymour Cassel, of *Faces*, is good enough in the easy part of the "crazy." Collin Wilcox-Horne is exactly right as the overblown radical wench, but Jennifer Salt is unimpressive as the rich girl.

In his direction Williams has attempted visually to recreate the inner state of suspension of A. — as if the whole picture were taking place in the middle of the space within A., yet with a real world all around him. Some of that vacant feeling comes through. But Williams uses some stale effects: the three-piece jazz combo at the political rally is out of tired 1920s German expressionism. And he resuscitates one of the oldest movie clichés: A. says firmly at one point that he will not do thus-and-such, then we cut immediately to him doing it.

Williams' dominant defects, at present, seem related: his acceptance of an invertebrate script and his weak ear. He has a poor sense of the *knitting* of dialogue, in whatever rhythm. Some scenes seem simply to dissolve aurally,

over and over again. And this is emphasized by the dead studio sound of the post-recording, especially in outdoor scenes. The addition of a few bird twitters doesn't help.

Williams again (or previously) used another weak script — this one written by himself — in *Out of It*, his earlier feature, just released. This is also a picture about a shnook — a sort of "straight" Woody Allen comedy about a Long Island high school weakling who craves a luscious blonde classmate but who settles for another girl because the blonde's football-hero boy friend is in the way. (Although the protagonist has a small symbolic triumph over the footballer.)

*Out of It* is accurate enough in its social details, but is severely circumscribed in its range. I don't know whether it's autobiographical, but it seems one more work of "revenge" by someone who was an unappreciated sensitive youth. The best works about adolescence, through their depth, are about more than adolescence. Williams' film is a very modest exercise in high-school pathos.

It has two notable elements. First, Jon Voight as the blustering footballer. (A mere three years ago Voight, with imaginative transformation, made himself a perfectly credible high-school senior.) Second, the black-and-white photography of John C. Avildsen, which has good texture and a quality of composition I can only call firmness.

That same firmness is also in *Joe*, which Avildsen both photographed and directed. He keeps his camera generally close, with a feeling of registration and impact, not television minginess. He sets up shots so that the natural movements of characters to necessary props or to other persons are easily covered in pans — a nice blending of the course of the drama with camera economy. And Avildsen's color sense is good.

The script by Norman Wexler, often profanely funny, is a hybrid of veristic dialogue and incredible action. A New York advertising executive murders the hippie-junkie lover of his daughter who has put the girl on drugs. In a bar the murderer dazedly mentions his crime to a factory-worker named Joe Curran whom we have just heard spouting, in hard-hat fashion, about "niggers" and young punks. Far from blackmailing the wealthy murderer, Joe insists on becoming his friend, out of ideological

(Continued on page 33)

# John Osborne: What Plagued LBJ? Camelot

## No Hail, No Farewell by Louis Heren

(Harper & Row; \$6.95)

If this calm account of the turbulent Johnson Presidency is neglected in the reviews and the book stores, it will be the fault of the times and not of the author. There is little here to satisfy the appetite for inside gossip and for revelation, genuine and spurious, that tends to condition the appraisal and sale of contemporary histories. Louis Heren does not pretend to be other than what he was, an intelligent and observant outsider, during the years he spent in Washington, from 1961 until this fall, as the correspondent of *The Times* of London. The chief and great value of his book (his second, preceded by *The New American Commonwealth*) is that it sets forth in simple and easy sequence the main events of the Johnson years and the judgments of a compassionate and civilized chronicler, alien to the scene and free of native prejudice, upon those events and upon the men who principally figured in them.

Heren arrives with regret, rather than with the gloating malice typical of many Washington journalists, at his net judgment of Johnson:

He ought to have been a good president. He narrowly missed being one because . . . [a president's] final strength lies in the leadership he can provide and the trust he can inspire. He must have the power to persuade a majority to do something they might not want to do. This was beyond Johnson. The natural gifts which made him the most successful Senate majority leader in history rendered him unfit to lead the nation in times of crisis. National leadership could not be exercised from a back room, with cajolery, fixing, and the rest of his tricks, and Johnson knew no other way.

With similar compassion, but with a broader sweep:

There is more to national leadership than charisma . . . Americans have

only to remember Franklin Roosevelt in 1933. The British need only look back to 1940 and Churchill. Johnson remembered and looked back frequently. The two men were his heroes. He saw himself with them as an immortal trinity. If the thought is farcical for some, Johnson had the larger task and, I think, the larger ambition. The challenges his two heroes met were grave but essentially simple, economic desolation and despair for Roosevelt and national survival and a hated enemy for Churchill. These were challenges which united the two nations. The problems which crowded in on Johnson were infinitely more difficult, not only because of their variety, but because they were divisive. The sum of his challenge was greater than the parts. It demanded greater leadership, and this Johnson could not provide.

Heren prefers Johnson, with his recognized gaucheries and impersonal flaws, to the Kennedys, John and Robert (Teddy is never mentioned). With a perception that many will question but that I think sound, the author holds that John promised to be a better President than Bobby could have been. "John Kennedy would have done better because of what he was and not because of what he was supposed to be." He was supposed to be a liberal but, in Heren's estimate, was in fact a conservative and a Catholic conservative at that. His underlying conservative caution in domestic matters kept him "attuned to the political heart of America" and would have enabled him, had he lived, to ride out "the twin revolutions" of technological and cultural change that bedevilled Johnson in better fashion than the bolder Bobby could have and than Johnson did. The preference for Johnson, implied throughout the book, appears to stem more from a distaste for "The Ken-

nedy legend" and the deliberate use that Heren charges John's relentless mourners with trying to make of it than from the merits of Johnson himself. "The Kennedy legend, fostered by Robert, haunted [Johnson] until the end like some terrible ghost" and the party divisions it encouraged "must have fed his insecurity." John Kennedy's Camelot was for Heren "this idiotic Tennysonian fantasy," a refuge from reality and "a measure of the resentful escapism that plagued Johnson."

It is for "the Kennedy liberals" who stayed on with Johnson that Louis Heren reserves his strongest criticism. He grants to McNamara, the Bundy brothers and Walt Rostow, who typify the lot, a depth of conviction and a sincerity of aim that do not absolve them, in Heren's view, from an "appalling" mix of "arrogance" and "ignorance" and from major responsibility for Kennedy's and then Johnson's successive plunges into Vietnam. Heren doubts, without arrogant certainty of his own, that John Kennedy would have avoided the final plunge. The "Kennedy liberals" seem to Heren to have been arrogant in their reliance upon computerized reasoning and unforgivably ignorant of the Southeast Asia that their computers misinterpreted for them. Heren, who had reported the British suppression of Communist insurgency in Malaya for *The Times*, tells of a personal exposure to the arrogance when he tried to convince Rostow it was folly to equate the Americans' problem in South Vietnam with the British problem in Malaya.

The British had not fought a military campaign, but a police action. . . . There were no tanks or bombers. It was a contradiction to talk about winning the hearts and minds of the South Vietnamese if they were to be exposed to bombing raids, artillery concentrations, and mass descents of troops in helicopters. Rostow sneered. I was old-fashioned. . . . I did not understand the new strategy or the capability of helicopters and defoliation agents. I did not mind the sneer. Correspondents expect them from government officials the world over, especially when they have had actual experience of situations that are presented to officials as paper problems. This had been especially true in Kennedy's Washington, where New Frontiersmen who had rarely ventured beyond the Boston-

Washington axis regarded me as an unreconstructed British imperialist. I could never follow the logic, it being clear that I was born a cradle radical. . . .

Heren was not a White House intimate. But as *The Times* correspondent he had some access to Johnson and derives from it a few anecdotes that evoke LBJ's capacity for gusty talk and behavior. American reporters who saw more of Johnson than Heren did will think he understated when he wrote:

His was an earthy humor, bawdy but not obscene. There was the occasional coarseness. He once compared the Vietcong to a young man trying

to seduce a girl. He was the girl, but reversed the role to demonstrate what he meant. "You can remember," he said, "putting your hand on a girl's knee and sliding it up her thigh until she told you to stop." The thought of him protecting his virginity thus was ridiculously funny, until his powerful fingers first clinched my knee and then my thigh. I cannot recall the thoughts that passed through my mind but was immensely relieved when his fist relaxed.

It is the kind of story that makes the reporters who cover Richard Nixon sigh for the Johnson time. That time is well and wisely recounted here.

tiny group of freewheeling guerrillas (Spain, 1937); and any number of WW II stories reduce that enormous affair to the isolated independent actions of squads and other small units that have in effect fallen off the war map. The moral is obvious: what happens on the war map isn't real.

I think I believe that moral—that the wars of the novelists are real, of the generals not real—though I say so at thirty years remove from *my* generals, who seemed at the time real enough. I believe it because with the rest of the world I have watched official war become a sort of statistical fiesta—sorties, bombs, bodies, tons, dollars. If one assumes as I do that real wars are between peoples, then statistical wars are somehow beside the point. In this sense the Vietnam war has been incredibly pointless for years—except at odd and irreverent moments when irregularities have occurred. For in dealing with the Vietnam war even more than the others the novelist must get thoroughly off the war map to find truth. And since the Vietnam war has been so heavily official, getting off is hard. In other words Vietnam is such a bloody bad war one can't even *write* about it.

The Spanish War on the other hand was a great literary war. I think of Orwell, Spender, Auden, Isherwood, Hemingway and other heroes of my youth tearing over there actually to serve in the International Brigade (though how many *did* serve I haven't at this distance the slightest notion) and then to return to enlighten me about what war and fascism and communism were really like, so that a few years later I could go off and *intelligently* fight Hitler. Oh yes, in this sense the Spanish War was the great educational war for the West, and the literary folk and the journalists did a lot to make it so.

But reading this massive new work, *La Guerra*, by Stephen Frances, I felt that education had gone downhill some since my war days. I sensed a falseness right away, but couldn't put my finger on it. The book is a saga, starting at the war's onset and carrying us right on through to WW II, with the focus upon a large handful of families having roots in a single small fishing village. Many of the villagers go off into the larger world of city and army (we meet a whole gallery of persons on both sides of the conflict), but we always see them strained at least briefly through the village net. The structure is per-

## Reed Whittemore: The Good Grey Spanish War

La Guerra  
by Stephen Frances

(Delacorte Press; \$7.95)

For a non-war the Vietnam war has been depressingly well organized. Its action has consistently reeked of officialdom, of the inexorable carrying through of carefully plotted high-level decisions, all the real professional stuff that modern big-power militarism breeds. Furthermore the occasional "irregularities" of the war, such as Mylai and the tiger cages, have been greeted by the press with astonished outrage; apparently we now expect our non-wars to be regular and official.

The current crops of journalists would do well to question their conditioning to regularity. If they were now reporting on the Spanish War of the thirties instead of Vietnam they would not for example have the strength to stay indignant long about isolated atrocities. Atrocities are the basic irregularity of war, and the Spanish War was the most irregular war of the modern era. It was a long series of Mylais. How odd that it should come down to us in memory, as something of a holy war—a horror, but one containing purities—in com-

parison with the unredeemably filthy thing we now have.

Just as wars themselves have their regular and irregular elements, so do novels about wars. In general, however, the novelist favors the irregular, finding the humanity of war in the life beyond official actions—even when that humanity displays itself with rape and torture. The life of anarchist or terrorist, of traitor or deserter or simple goldbrick is of much more consequence on the page than the life of the "good" soldier. Modern literature spends a good bit of its war breath mocking "good" soldiery—this is a part of its basic anti-institutional, anti-official, anti-organizational bent—and burrowing into the private lives of soldiers or the lives of small military groups isolated from the chains of command. *Farewell to Arms* gives us a spectacular solo performance in World War I; *Man's Fate* provides a spectrum of commitments outside an "official" revolution (China, 1926); *For Whom the Bell Tolls* takes us up in the hills with a

fectly sound for a pastoral war—the village microcosm—but it emerges as too much like kindergarten rather than microcosm now that we've lived through WW II, Korea and Vietnam and have forgotten what village life, in war or peace, is like.

Still, the kindergarten flavor would be acceptable if it were not also built into the thinking and the dialogue of the novel. To a notorious torturer who is dedicated to such tricks as squeezing nipples with pliers, one tormented girl says, "You're . . . sadistic!" And after we have endured 600 pages of flayings, knivings, rapes, mass murders and the largest assortment of other atrocities upon the human frame I have ever found between covers (despite the book's long time span I noted only one natural death), one elder piously observes, "we Spaniards are a cruel people." This strange mixture of sophisticated cruelty and childish talk may be a little bit Spanish (not much) but whatever it is it is definitely alien to what Americans have for a war climate these days. Mr. Frances is an Englishman but that doesn't help much either. I don't know *where* he found the spirit of war he gives us—on TV maybe—but it is a simple spirit of that order of

simplicity arrived at not by saints but fools. And what he reinforces that spirit with intellectually—an account of the shift of economic and social forces in the village as it moves out of the fishing era into tourism—is hardly enough to sustain a short piece for the National Geographic.

Reading *La Guerra* I was of course reminded of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, which I went back and reread. I had remembered it as also a kindergarten book, the book with the sleeping bag and the pastoral obscenities—and sure enough I was right; it is a pastoral romance, with a little dynamiting thrown in for kicks, in the same league as the Frances book. I mean that it bears about the same basic relationship to the conditions of modern war as the Frances book; it manages to omit the machined and collectivized vision of war, to dwell upon the "irregular." But what is striking about the Hemingway book, in comparison with *La Guerra* (and not counting that its simple characters are more intelligent than *La Guerra's*) is how differently the "irregular" is conceived. The irregular in *La Guerra* consists largely of the detailing of atrocities, crimes against humanity, so that to move into the

irregularity of war is to discover some of the brute in man (the same was of course true at Mylai). But in the Hemingway book, astonishingly, the "irregular" war life evokes instead all the strongest Hemingway virtues—courage, fidelity, discipline, kindness. The difference is absolute.

There is no reason why I should come all over Frances with the ancient virtues of Hemingway, and I do not mean to. The point is that in thirty years (and three or more wars) something seems to have happened to the mythology of war *possibility*, something rather depressing. In the old Hemingway pastoral a man could be depended on as soon as he removed himself from the grip of the machinery; but in the new imagery of the war's periphery we find monsters rather than Robert Jordans.

Part of this shift is simply literary. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is an excessively literary book, loaded with cumbersome devices, over-styled—and as such it draws its war from books as much as from Hemingway's experiences in Spain. It gives us a well-made war, observing unities of time, space and action. It even observes literary proprieties, by keeping the atrocities off-stage and treating them with what seems now like Victorian delicacy. The book's primary killings are not atrocities but good clean war killings; they are handled sportingly like bullfights.

Now all this may be manifestation of a greater falseness in Hemingway than in any of Frances' verbal inanities—for maybe the truth of *The Spanish War* puts the atrocities front and center in the Frances rather than the Hemingway manner—and yet I would be inclined to say instead that Hemingway was finding in literary conventions something that was vanishing from the literary scene (*and the war scene*) even as he wrote his eccentric book; he was finding, with his marvelous naivete, *models* for human action around him. There ain't no models in Frances; dull thuds one and all.

War keeps going downhill on us, I'm afraid. Each year it keeps reducing such humanity as remains to us, in literature and life, a little more, whether we play along with its official presence or try to deny it. Increasingly it will not be denied. Even the old wars now betray us. I fully expect to read within my lifetime an account of the Revolutionary War in which George Washington walks on all fours.

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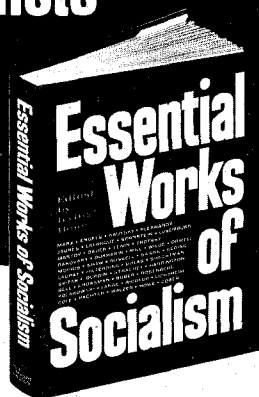
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## Paul C. Saunders: For Draftees

### GI Rights and Army Justice by R.S. Rivkin

(Grove Press; \$8.50)

Military justice is under fire. From the Supreme Court, which has described its courts as singularly inept in dealing with the subtleties of constitutional law, to the most sophomoric GI underground newspapers, critics have almost universally attacked the court-martial system as one based on discipline, not justice. Military justice is seen as far more solicitous of the exigencies of the military mission than the rights of the individual serviceman. Fred Gardner's *Unlawful Concert* has recounted the human as well as the institutionalized tragedy of the Presidio "mutiny" trials, and Robert Sherrill, in *Military Justice is to Justice as Military Music is to Music* has detailed, in addition to the mutiny cases, the Levy and Howe affairs. Senator Tydings has recently introduced legislation to make military defense counsel independent.

The new draftee must be frightened and bewildered by this storm of controversy. He is hardly versed in the niceties of military jurisprudence or indeed any other system of justice, and he can be expected to react with trepidation when he hears horror stories of systematically unfair courts-martial meting out exorbitant sentences for minor derelictions. Add to this climate a set of unflinchingly tough and intimidating basic training instructors, and the new draftee will soon feel wholly alone and harassed by a system he'll never understand.

How is the new soldier to know, for example, that he cannot legally be ordered to have his head shaved, or that he cannot be directed to send his civilian clothing home? How should he react when he is illegally ordered to perform KP during in-processing? Should he disobey, complain, or simply roll up his sleeves? Has anybody told him that no one can lawfully lay a finger on his body without his consent except for a good reason related to training, or that he has an absolute right to see a doctor, not a medic every-time he goes on sick call? The answers

to all these questions, and many more, are now available in this exhaustive and well-researched guide for draftees (and indeed for their parents and sergeants as well).

*GI Rights and Army Justice* fills a void in current military justice literature. It is critical of military justice, to be sure, for there is much to criticize. This criticism is, however, but a necessary by-product of Rivkin's first goal, to assist the draftee "within the law to endure his chosen alternative." In this, he succeeds admirably, for in addition to describing in detail the way the military justice system works both in theory and in practice, he alerts soldiers to their already existing rights during basic training, their rights to privacy, their rights to complain, to disobey illegal orders and their right to know their rights. In addition, he discusses administrative discharges and conscientious objection.

Mr. Rivkin's advice is cautious, consistent with his concern for the welfare of the average GI who does not want to become a notorious test case. For example, he invariably advises soldiers to obey questionable orders, unless to obey the order would be itself a crime,

and to litigate the order's legality later through statutory grievance procedures. It may be a long time, Rivkin observes, before the recalcitrant soldier's rights are vindicated, and that time will almost surely be spent in jail. In a similar vein, he meets the difficult problem of freedom of speech in the military head-on, noting that in only three reported cases since the Uniform Code went into effect in 1951 have free speech rights of accused servicemen been vindicated. Rivkin's advice gets to the point: "[Military courts] can be expected to follow the older, more restrictive cases in order to uphold convictions for offensive political speech. The 'political soldier' should be aware of this risk." For those who want to assume the "risk" nonetheless Rivkin details the type of speech which has resulted in courts-martial convictions ("End Johnson's Fascist Aggression in Vietnam") as well as speech which has been deemed permissible (statements highly critical of individual congressmen by enlisted men).

The court-martial system itself is awesome and formidable in its complexity; it can frighten soldiers and their civilian lawyers as well. Moreover, senior



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soldiers can rarely be expected to give thorough and sympathetic counsel to younger soldiers who find themselves against the system. Consequently, sound advice is difficult to obtain. *GI Rights and Army Justice* not only completely and accurately describes the various types of courts-martial and the intricate military appellate procedures, but it also informs soldiers how to survive in their grasp. Rivkin describes military interrogation techniques with chilling accuracy, and his advice here too is sound: Never talk to a military policeman without the advice of counsel, and don't be bluffed into thinking one is not available — they are, all night.

Perhaps the most useful, and novel section of the book uncovers the draftee's hidden weapon — Article 138 of the Uniform Code. This article enables any military member to file a complaint for the redress of wrongs, and compels superior officers to send a report of the complaint together with a follow-up report of action taken on it to the Secretary of the Army. This procedure is rarely, it seems, brought to the attention of draftees during their orientation lectures, but its judicious use can form a swift and telling addi-

tion to the weapons they can use against illegal and oppressive treatment.

Rivkin's guide is good. It should be as much a part of the soldier's library as his Bible, issued to him on induction courtesy of the Salvation Army. Parents of draftees will want to consult it to determine for themselves whether their sons are reporting only routine military harassment or their grievances have real merit. Noncommissioned officers will need to consult it to guide their conduct and to understand better the legitimate rights of their charges, as well as themselves. Each chapter is heavily footnoted so that ready reference can be made to Army Regulations and court opinions.

Rivkin, a former enlisted lawyer himself, speaks to the draftees' fears and speaks in their lingo. It is a sad but necessary reminder of the value of this book that Rivkin has seen fit to warn its GI owners, in a frontispiece, that they have "a constitutional right" to possess it, and that it cannot legally be taken from them by anyone. Read and emulated by draftees and careerists alike, this book will hopefully render such warnings mere surplusage in future editions.

## Bruce Wasserstein: Dove Militant

### Revolutionary Nonviolence by David Dellinger

(Bobbs-Merrill; \$7.50)

Dave Dellinger is a man caught in the swirls of change and its contradictions — a pacifist who denounces traditional pacifism, a radical bitter about the corruption of revolutions, a religious man who lambasts the church. Prison terms in World War II were formative in developing his radicalism. Although as a minister he was eligible for an automatic exemption, Dellinger refused to register for the draft, and later spurned service in a c.o. camp. He opposed the war because he thought all war is "evil and useless"; but he also questioned the allies' motives because they supported some fascist regimes, restricted immigration, had business deals with the Axis Powers. Massive resistance in countries like Holland were to him more meaningful than any victories won by force of arms.

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stant threat, Dellinger's seemingly impractical notions have merit. But he believes his ideas won't work without American willingness to renounce special privileges: "Would you be willing for your son to share a standard of living somewhere between the one he is 'entitled to,' and that of an impoverished Guatemalan peasant?" Unwillingness of American liberals to face this kind of challenge is, to him, the root of their failure.

A bitter critic of the corruption of most armed revolutions, Dellinger devotes a large portion of his book to Cuba's attempt to steer between the perceived evils of capitalism and communist statism. Despite flaws like the beefing up of the military, he praises Cuba for attaining a high degree of participatory democracy. For him, national elections are not as important as being able to control the farm you work. He points out that workers have little control over factories here and regards our presidential elections as a sideshow where "the establishment has the trump cards."

Yet he finds democracy in Cuba limited, however "participatory" it may be at the local farm level. Similarly, his preference for direct action rather than elections in this country suggests his utopian bent; he doesn't provide an attractive mechanism for resolving conflicts over time. His implicit assumption is that inner morality is always on his side, but what if others differ?

Dellinger himself is obviously tormented by his relationship to the protest movement. As he sees the problem, a "vicious circle is set up in which the advocates of nonviolence stand aloof from — or even repudiate — the only live revolutions in the making . . . and determined revolutionaries reject nonviolence out of hand because of the repeated defections from the revolutionary cause of those who champion it." Dellinger's position is awkward because he is both an avowed revolutionary and a pacifist. His solution, to advocate a brand of new, improved, more militant pacifism, sometimes sounds like a bad detergent ad. When he defends armed struggle in Vietnam, he is vulnerable to his own statement that all war is evil. On the other hand, he takes repeated digs at groups like the Progressive Labor Party, is worried about violent rhetoric becoming a fad, deplores calling police officers "pigs" as they are victims of the system. He seems to have the infinite patience to

wait for the day when humans will achieve mutual love, but many of his allies among the young, both black and white, don't have the time.

The book ends with a section on Chicago. Dellinger's statement before being sentenced on the anti-riot conviction is the best summary of his credo:

## Television

### To Wash or Not to Wash

TV has *again* been discovered as the great brain washer, and everybody wants equal wash time. The democratic way: spread the evil around.

I'd rather listen to Fulbright than Nixon, and I wish somebody would win a few rounds against the Executive Branch, but making an issue of equal time seems to me a distraction from the main issues of brainwash. We should seek to reduce it, not spread it. We don't want fair play so much as free minds. Equal time is important, especially in election year, but it should have no status as an independent issue. The President, the Congress, the cigaret people and anti-cigaret people, the networks and their reformer foes are equal parts of the wash. We can't beat the wash one hankie at a time.

We need to get back down to elementals like the infinitely repeatable one-minute commercial. We need to understand how that commercial works, and then we need legislation to keep it from working so well. We need to understand the impact of regular programming too. What happens to the frontal lobes of an average moron watching McHale's Navy every night for two years? How many ulcers are there per hundred news addicts — as compared with the ulcers of the non-news set? Do children who spend Saturday mornings with cartoons ever go out in the big world and get jobs? Is it true that color TV is largely the possession of Republicans? And can a senator compete with Bonanza? — We need less talk and more information about what the tube and the other media are doing to us, but particularly we need to understand how the tube's salesmanship (starting with the one-minute commercial and working up to

"There are no comforts, no luxuries, no honors, nothing that can compare with having a sense of one's own integrity." MGM is unlikely to buy his book, but Dellinger can clearly rest at ease. That our government seeks to put such a man in jail is perhaps the best substantiation of his charges.

Nixon's appearances) works. My impression is that our reformers think the process is a rational one. Every mature brain-washer knows better.

The reformers, for example, have recently been high tailing it after the deceptive advertising of drugs, breakfast foods, cars and the like. This is worthy of them, but deception by fact and reason is a relatively trivial factor on the wash scene. Our eight-year-olds know the ads are frauds and they (like us) keep buying the snake oil. Rational? Furthermore most of the fraudulence is not factual at all, that is, not assessable in terms of claims made for products; it is atmospheric fraudulence, hoked-up circumstances and verbiage rather than facts. My favorite ad at the moment, for a dry-skin remedy, brings us a scholarly, bespectacled geezer who takes a medical book from his five-foot shelf, sits down at a dignified desk, recites a gentle and melodious patter about the ailment and the remedy (with no claims at all), and then launches into his key testimonial like: "X provides ephemeral relief in mild cases."

X PROVIDES EPHEMERAL RELIEF IN MILD CASES! It could be said of dirty crankcase oil. I am reminded of P. T. Barnum's come-on under the big tent: "This way to the Egress." Ain't no court gonna find fraud here — we are, suh, playing a fine old American game. Some of this selling is even truthful (heavens to Betsy), and innocent as pie — except that it comes at us ten times an hour. With none of it are we persuaded by argument; we simply slowly drown in product awareness.

Selling is the vice that lays the golden eggs in America; it is the true national

pastime, perhaps the last vice we will ever give up (after the Bomb there will be someone left selling Unguentine). It is also one of our more attractive vices. A high-powered salesman or politician in our mythology is not a villain but a Mark Twain or W. C. Fields figure, someone we may not be able to trust but can certainly live with. And live with him we have, throughout America's growing up. Now the reformers themselves emulate him; they have discovered that reform needs P. T. Barnum too, and so we have Nader and his new breed carrying the ball with shock-effect promotion schemes, repetition, facile expertise, the whole bag. Why not? Equal time.

There's just one catch. When many parties play the game, and seek to solve the country's ills by a sort of grand competition in selling, then salesmanship becomes the *whole* game. Products and issues cease to matter.

We are, I think, approaching such a condition now, and the seller is becoming as much a dupe of the process as the buyer. I can imagine the head of Bristol Myers actually taking Excedrin for a headache (W. C. Fields would have known better), and the Congress com-

ing to think that it has a prime-time message for the people simply because the time itself has been provided. These are the conditions of true wash that we need to fear—wash that goes beyond true-false, right-wrong, and puts things in our heads as arbitrarily and mechanically as a robot spoon stuffing a goose.

With commercials the only kind of legislation I can imagine that would effectively reduce wash would limit the frequency of their appearance. By law Pepsi-Cola could hit me no more than once a day on any one channel; by law Winston could give me only one chorus of its bloody song, etc. The law would be in effect an anti-assault law, and once we get around to acknowledging that the tube has unlimited assault potential, the law would not, I think, seem as exotic and frivolous as it does now. The law would start by limiting commercials and then move out to limiting the politicoes, the newsmen, all those who in innocence or guile, deliberately or by chance, have a measure of control over our intake. It would be a negative law, saving us from concentrated, long-term assaults, yet keeping no single claim, position, argument, product from us no matter

how crumby.

But we first have to take the knowledge step, that is, assess the tube's wash powers. Then perhaps we'll start thinking rather than competing—thinking of how to save us.

**Sedulus**

## Correspondence

### Sexual Politics

Sirs:

It was a great disappointment to read such a limited, superficial review of Kate Millett's book (*Sexual Politics*) in your usually fine magazine (August 1). The very limitations and superficiality of the review demonstrate certain of the book's basic theses. Some examples:

Mr. Yardley sees Ms. Millett's view as coming "very close to a (male) conspiracy theory." What she actually wrote is that individual men are prone to view most actions, from driving cars to joining armies, in a sexual context; and that individual men are prone to view sex as an act of exploitation closely tied to violence, personally destructive and (ipso facto) degrading to whomever the act is practiced on. The (possibly cultural) emphasis on violence and exploitation to prove sexuality requires a great deal of rationalizing, so men tend to grasp eagerly at any supportive theory, often without much thinking or question. Here is where the politicking comes in. Freud's success is the author's central example, but Mr. Yardley's attempt to write off her evidence as a "conspiracy theory" is an instructive case in point. Implicit throughout her book is the contention that such a view of sex and other areas of living is unnecessary, and not terribly healthy.

Mr. Yardley attempts to finesse the reasons for woman's long endurance of male domination by saying that "either we men are great salesmen or women are great suckers." (One wonders if the gentleman uses this explanation to cover other long-subject peoples as well—blacks, for example; or Jews, or the Filipinos we so long colonized and to whom we still condescend.) Ms. Millett treats this question in passing, by stating what is so obvious to women that they rarely think to verbalize it—



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men are bigger than women. For thousands of years, physical force has been repeatedly and sanctimoniously used, on both the individual and institutional levels, to coerce woman's submission, even to justify it. (See Millett et al. for documentation.) To rebel, woman must stand up to somebody who is not only bigger than she, but who actually glorifies the heavy use of physical violence to "solve" problems. The psychological effect is devastating. It is not astonishing that Hungary or Czechoslovakia submits, albeit sometimes reluctantly, to the USSR; or Panama to the USA. It is astonishing, however, when a physically much littler guy develops the guts—or perhaps desperation—to put up a fight at all.

Mr. Yardley finds the author's literary choices of Miller, Mailer, Lawrence, and Genet unfortunate, and wonders why she didn't go on to do an encyclopaedia including writers whom Mr. Yardley hopes are nicer. Actually, her choice was brilliant. She was writing about sexual politics, not a history of sex in literature; she used literature as a primary example; and she chose authors whose motives were demonstrated most clearly, in order to teach her lesson easily. And she taught it undeniably well. Re-read your Hemingway and you will find a pathetic bit of Miller in his inability, as a rule, to characterize women in full. Your Fitzgerald has more than a tint of an unformed Genet. To have included them would have been redundant.

At the same time, Mr. Yardley wonders why the book was so long, and thought she should have specialized more to shorten it. (One wishes he would make up his mind.) To the question of specializing, I can only say that she did. She wrote a book about the dominant caste's political use of a masculine mystique in history, law, and literature in the United States. To take only a small part of this subject would have been pointless, until this book on the whole subject was made available. It would do little good to write a history of Thai royal politics 1940-43 unless you had a few comprehensive texts to start and work from. Ms. Millett is part of a movement which is still involved in laying groundwork and in defining itself. Later, when the movement begins to produce the hard-hitting specialists on specialties he asks for, Mr. Yardley will probably wish for the good old days.

A few accurate points of criticism have

crept into Mr. Yardley's review. For example, it is true that the author, in her treatment of Genet, "glosses over the problems inherent in a homosexual viewpoint." On the other hand, of course, to fully treat those inherent problems would have been to write about male homosexuals; and Ms. Millett was not writing about male homosexuals.

Mr. Yardley is sufficiently graceful to make a few admissions of woman's legal "thralldom" and man's most blatant sexual attitudes, where such concessions would be difficult to avoid. He deserves credit for this, as most male reviewers are showing themselves too defensive to go even this far. But he must balance these concessions with ample helpings of that brand of vicious cattiness which I'm sure he prefers to attribute to women, using phrases like "the feminist movement's screechers," Ms. Millett being "self-applauding," and "women who lumpishly consent" (this last being worthy of inclusion in her book as another little evasion of responsibility).

That *Sexual Politics* is worthy of considerably more than a glib male kick here and there is demonstrated by Mr.

Yardley himself, once again, toward the end of his review. Ms. Millett would do away with all forms of exploitation, degradation, and violence, as they affect today's sexual relationships. Mr. Yardley accuses her of urging, therefore, "a society without sex, or without gender," "a unisex." He thus appears to demonstrate himself unable to separate sex—even the physical act—from the destructive phenomena Ms. Millett would like to excise. Mr. Yardley entirely misses or ignores—as in self-defense I suppose he must—the possibility of human beings learning to live and make love as equal adult persons, instead of permitting the male's assumed need for physical usage to demean us all.

Mr. Yardley could see the words, remember some vivid phrases, and make a few accurate petty criticisms, but he couldn't comprehend the book. I doubt this surprises Ms. Millett at all. It's what her book, and sexual politics, are all about.

Lynne Menefee

Falls Church, Virginia

Sirs:

It is worth noting that every review of Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* to come

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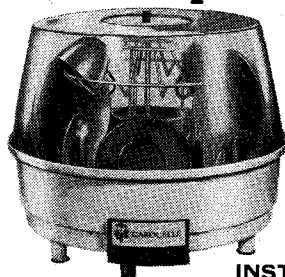
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out so far has been written by a man. Two conclusions are possible: first, male editors are dumber than we think, and are impervious to even the simplest admonitions of women's liberation, a fact which they reveal by giving its first published manifesto to men to review; second, we have caught the magazines with their literary pants down, and no women reviewers around to give the job to. We would have expected more from *The New Republic*.

On the whole, Jonathan Yardley's review is better than most. He evaluates Millett's book as "impressive, sober, provocative." He credits it with "forcing the reconsideration of retrenched and invidious, but widely evaded, sexual/social assumptions." And yet, good-minded as he is, Yardley only proves Millett's faith that, no matter how hard they try, most men are inexorably trapped inside their own sexism. In a "final caveat," he warns us and Millett: "A nation finally rid of the canard of the ethnic melting pot should not rush to create a sexual melting pot. Our discriminations and cruelties are bitter ones, but our differences are healthy; we need to eliminate discrimination, not difference." This then is Yardley's final comment on *Sexual Politics*: *vive la difference*.

I will quote from Millett, since she is already aware of the phenomenon of which Yardley's review is an example: "It is a remarkable fact that . . . the authoritarian and patriarchal mind cannot separate the liberation of women from racial extinction and the death of love." (p. 176) In Yardley's version, that paranoia is a bit altered (the liberation of women will mean the death of sexuality), but the mentality is the same. In the end, like most men in this culture, he can comprehend no other sexuality than the Mailer-Miller-Lawrence version.

Ellen DuBois  
Washington, D.C.

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Army Captain PAUL C. SAUNDERS is an appellate defense attorney in the Judge Advocate General's Corps. BRUCE WASERSTEIN, former managing editor of the Harvard Civil Rights, Civil Liberties Law Review, is presently co-editing a book with Mark Green entitled *Justice for Some* (Beacon Press).

**Kauffmann, (from page 23)**

sympathy, and eventually joins him in an East Village search for the missing daughter. The ending is both predictable and nonsensical, with the mass-murder of commune-dwellers by Joe and friend.

The outstanding aspect of the script is its ambivalence. A coincidence highlights this. Joe is now playing in two New York theaters. On the East Side, where I saw it, Joe's mouthings drew laughs, and the East Village swingers drew applause. The very same night a friend saw the picture at its Broadway theater where, she reports, Joe was a hero to at least some and where one woman said, after the final shoot-up, "We should kill 'em all."

Besides its neatly balanced viewpoint, to make it all things to all men, besides its unbelievable story, the script makes no attempt at exploration of its materials: it simply *uses* what we know already about every stereotyped character and idea it employs. All these factors make Joe liable to the charge of sheer exploitation. Nevertheless, the picture has some force because of Peter Boyle's performance as Joe. Boyle has great reservoirs of quiet malevolence that give him real cinematic menace, tacit and screen-filling; and he also has the humor to keep Joe from being monotonous.

But I doubt that Avildsen had much to do with Boyle's performance. If it was more than just a fortunate piece of casting, then why didn't Avildsen do something about Dennis Patrick, the ad man? Patrick's mugging would have seemed overdone at Biograph in 1908.

So we have two new American directors, Williams and Avildsen, each of whom has the ability to accept the gift of good acting but not much apparent ability to improve lesser acting; each of whom has deficient structural sense and insufficient rigor with material; each of whom has considerable visual gifts. They share these qualities with some others of the newest American and British directors; taken together, they are an occasion for hope and worry.

**Personals**

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